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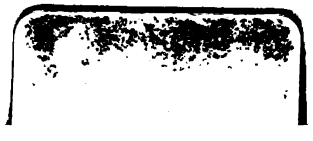
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THE

ANATOMIE OF HUMORS,

AND

THE PASSIONATE SPARKE

OF A

RELENTING MINDE,

BY SIMION GRAHAME.



EDINBURGH:

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M.DCCC.XXX.


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THE BANNATYNE CLUB.

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NOTICE.

Simion Grahame, the author of this volume, was the son of Archibald Grahame, a burgess of Edinburgh, and he appears to have been born in that city about the year 1570. He was indebted, for a liberal education, to the patronage of James the Sixth, who, in 1580, presented him, by a letter under the privy seal, to the prebendary of Brodderstanis for his "sustentatioun at the scolis for sevin yeiris."[1] On the expiration of this grant in 1587, his Majesty again presented our author to the same prebend "for all the dayes of his lyftyme—his Hienes willing that the said Simion suld not be disapointit of sum ressonable sustentatioun to interteny him at the scuillis."[2] It is more than probable that Grahame was by these means enabled to complete his education at the University.

The personal history of our author from this period is nearly a blank, and the few scattered notices which remain regarding him, scarcely afford materials for an outline of his story. There is reason to suppose that during the earlier part of his career, although he enjoyed a considerable reputation for learning, his character in other respects was little calculated to secure the respect of his contemporaries. Sir Thomas Urquhart describes him as "a great

[1] Register of Presentations to Benefices, 29th July 1580.
[2] Ibid, 26th March 1587.

traveller and very good scholar, as doth appear by many books of his emission; but being otherways too licentious, and given over to all manner of debordings, the most of the praise I will give him, will be to excuse him, in these terms of Aristotle—*Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiæ.*"[1]

Even were this account of Grahame's licentiousness altogether free from that tone of exaggeration which so generally pervades the writings of the Knight of Cromarty, we have the testimony of Dempster in favour of the piety of his maturer years. "Simon Graimus," says this learned writer, "honesto loco natus Edinburgi, taedio vitae solutioris, cui se diu mancipaverat, vocanti tandem Spiritui Sancto paruit, et religiosum S. Francisci de Paula habitum induit, diemque extremum magna pietatis opinione, dum patriae suae prodesse vult, finivit."[2] If Grahame speaks his own sentiments in *The Sorrowful Song of a Converted Sinner*, his character is faithfully given in this passage.

According to his own testimony, the course of Grahame's life was by no means prosperous. He was at different periods a traveller, a soldier, and a courtier; and in these various characters he appears to have experienced *the inconstant wavering of an ever changing fortune.* "My peregrinations," he remarks in an *Epistle Dedicatorie* to the Earl of Montrose, "enlarged my curiositie, my souldiers estate promised to preferre mee, and the smiles of Court stuffed my brains with manie idle suppositions." But none of these hopes were realized. The circumstances under which Grahame left his country, *to walke on foreigne fieldes forlorne*, are unknown; but they were probably not fortunate, as in his lines *From Italy to Scotland his soyle*, and in

[1] *Jewel*, p. 122. [2] Dempsteri *Hist. Eccles. Gentis Scotorum*, p. 328.

His Passionado when he was in pilgrimage, he not only describes himself as an exile, but writes under the influence of those feelings of sorrow and depression, inseparable from a long protracted and reluctant absence from our native land:

> Amidst my sorrowing greef,
> My wandring in exyle,
> Oft looke I to that arth, and sais,
> Farewell, sweete Britains Iyle!

In the beginning of the seventeenth century, Grahame appears to have returned to Britain, and to have resumed his literary pursuits under the auspices of his earliest patron, James the Sixth, to whom he dedicated a small collection of poems published at London in 1604, under the title of *The Passionate Sparke of a Relenting Minde*. The work is printed in quarto, and in a highly ornamented style for the period. The letter press is throughout encompassed by rich and fanciful xylographic borders, of which specimens accompany the title page and dedication of the present reprint of the *Passionate Sparke*. The merit of Grahame's poetry is inconsiderable, and perhaps the extreme rarity of the volume in which it is contained, forms the best apology for thus introducing it to the notice of the Club.

In 1609, we find Grahame publishing at Edinburgh, *The Anatomie of Hvmors*, consisting of prose interspersed with verse. The object of this curious work is very clearly indicated by its title, and the general character of the book is truly delineated in the address to the reader. "Be what thou wilt who reades this Treatise, be sure to finde thy selfe set downe in a true fashion. I have taken the paines to paint thy portrate; if thou finde thy selfe in faire colours, then be carefull how to entertaine thy selfe in the true luister; if thou finde thy selfe in filthie colours, wash,

clainge, and purge thy selfe from such pestiferous blots, which even infects thy very soule, and makes thee loathsome to the sight of God. I have searched thy feastred wounds, I have bared thy vlcered sores, and for feare of putrifying cankers I have tainted thee to the very quick." The *Anatomie of Hvmors* is evidently the production of a mind disgusted with the world—familiar only with the darker views of human nature—and accustomed to dwell upon its most unamiable features. Chiefly occupied in the delineation of vice in all its varieties, the general tone of the work is severe, sarcastic, querulous and melancholy. Still it abounds in acute observations upon human character, and in lessons of practical wisdom. The diction, although somewhat ambitious and elaborate, has much of the racy eloquence of the *olden time*, and the work undoubtedly affords a very favourable specimen of the didactic literature of Scotland two centuries ago. It has been supposed, and not without probability, that the *Anatomie of Hvmors* may have suggested to Burton the first idea of his incomparable *Anatomie of Melancholie*.

Sir Thomas Urquhart and Dempster represent the publications of Grahame as numerous, but with the exception of the two works composing the volume now presented to the club, none are extant.

Subsequently to the publication of the *Anatomie of Hvmors* Grahame returned to the Continent, and spent the last years of his life as an austere Franciscan. He died, according to Dempster, at Carpentras, in 1614, while on his way again to revisit Scotland.

FEBRUARY, MDCCCXXX.

THE ANATOMIE OF HVMORS:

WRITTEN
By SIMION GRAHAME.

PRO. 21. CAP.

Euery way of a man, is right in his owne eyes: but the Lord God pondreth their hearts.



AT EDINBVRGH.
Printed by THOMAS FINLASON.
1609.
WITH LICENCE.

TO HIS EVER-

HONOVRED LORD

AND MAISTER, MY LORD

GRAHAME, Earle of *Montrois*, &c.

Con il tempo.

LIKE A STORME-*beaten-ship, with many vnfortunate conflicts (in my long-some journeyes) here and there haue I still beene tossed, till now at last I haue arriued to the safe harborie of your Lordships* favour: *being sore fatigated in my troublesome trauailes, I am very eagerly willing to be comforted with the rare fruites of your* Honours admired Engine, *who with a most generous* ſpirit, *can temper thy* greatnes *with benignitie, thy* Majestie *with meekenesse, thy* Heroyick *minde with courtesie, thy* Noble *hand with liberalitie, and thy* Herculian-heart *with clemencie, such is the inestimable ritches (of thy re-*

nowned worth) which hath made (and still makes) conquest of many hearts. O what can I say of my selfe (who without any merit in mee) hath so often felt the force of your Lordships loue, *I am sorie that I shall neuer be able to value the ritch treasure of such great desert:* Good will *is all my wealth, and yet my seruice (bound by dutie) craues no thanks.* Than *most worthie (to be named worthy)* Lord, *receaue these my Labours as the true tributarie effects of my affection, the beholding of this* Humorous world, *the strange alterations of* Time, *and the inconstant wauering of my euer-changing* Fortune, *will afforde mee no other Subject, it may truly be saide,* Fortuna vitrea est, quæ cum splendet frangitur. *My peregrinations enlarged my curiositie, my souldiers estate promised to preferre mee, and the smiles of Court stuffed my braines with manie idle suppositions. Heere abruptly must I needes breake off, fearing least the great occasion of this discourse, make mee forget my selfe, and become tedious in reckoning vp my losse of* Time. *So in my neuer-ending-loue, I end, wishing your* Lordships valour, good fortune, *your* estate

all

all happinesse, and that your Honours discretion *may sepulchrise this boldnesse of*

Your Lordships
euer-obedient ſeruant,

SIMION GRAHAME.

TO HIS EVER-HONOVRED LADY, MY LADY COVN-*tesse of Montrois,*

&c.

GReat is the worth of thy triumphing *Fame,*
With *Faith, Hope, Loue,* in thy ſweet ſoule in-ſhrind,
A endleſſe world ſhall eterniſe thy name,
And crowne the glorious *vertue* of thy mind.

Thy feruent *faith* to Chriſt is ſo inclind,
Which makes ritch *hopes* vp to the Heau'ns aſpire
From thence thy *loue,* deſcends in ruthfull kinde,
And helps the poore in their diſtreſſ'd deſire.

Long may thou liue, and long may God aboue
Increaſe, confirme, reward, *faith, hope,* and *loue.*

S. GRAHAME.

TO THE READER.

IN A FEARELES HV-mor, *I haue anatomized the humors of mankinde, to the mouth of the honeſt man, it hath a moſt delicate and ſweet taſte, but to the wicked, it is bitter as gall or wormwood, for if thou be a diſſembling hypocrite, one of the ſect of fleſhly and bloudie Goſpellers, one of the generation of Wolues cloathed in ſheepe-skins, which are naught elſe, but hatchers of deceit, to entrap ſoules, inventers of treaſon to murther Kings, helliſh inſtruments to ruine Countries, ſworne enemies to God, and diligent factors for the deuill. If thou be a man of this Catigorie, I hate thee to the very death: but if thou firſt be true to God, and next to thy owne Prince: if thou be faithfull to thy Countrie, if thou judge all men with equitie in ſpite of loue or briberie, if thou wrong no man: and laſt of all, if thou be all in all a good Chriſtian, thou art an honeſt man, & thou art the man whom I place in my harts hart: if thou be a woman of a modeſt behauiour, & diſcreet in all thy actions, of a chaſt mind, and of a good life, who ſtill aymes at honeſtie, and proſecutes all thy deſires with the feare of God: it is thou who is the honeſt woman, and thou art the woman whom I honour to the death. Then be what thou wilt who reades this Treatiſe, be ſure to finde thy ſelfe ſet*

Math. 7. Chap.

downe

downe in a true faſhion, I haue taken the paines to paint thy portrate, if thou finde thy ſelfe in faire colours, then be carefull how to entertaine thy ſelfe in the true Luiſter, if thou finde thy ſelfe in filthie colours, waſh, clainge, and purge thy ſelfe from ſuch peſtiferous blots, which euen infects thy very ſoule, and makes thee loathſome to the ſight of God. I haue ſearched thy feaſtred wounds, I haue bared thy vlcered ſores, and for feare of putrifying cankers I haue tainted thee to the very quick: ſo to keepe thy weaknes in a good temper, I haue applied this Cataplaſme, *to appeaſe thee of all thy paines: I am ſurely perſwaded, that theſe my labors ſhal merit thanks of the vpright man who loues God, obedient to his King, and is true to his Country, and that the good report of the righteous ſhall guard me, from criticall barking of wicked malice, and I am aſſured, that the honeſt Matron, the wife true to her husband, and the chaſte virgin will euer party me, and euer be ready to countercheck the detracking reports of the ſhameleſſe woman, whilſt my reuenge ſhall be with ſilence, and ſimple patience to ſmile at neuer-bluſhing-*impudence. *To conclude, I onely expect to be quarrelled with the deceitfull villaine, whom I will proue to be an arrant Knaue: if thou challenge me, I ſcorne to be a Coward, and therefore I will anſwer thee. So I ſhall euer reſt thy hatefull Enemie, and the honeſt mans Seruant to the death.*

SIMION GRAHAME.

TO HIS EVER-HONOVRED LADY, MY LADY COVNTESSE of *Erroll.*

SWeet Lady looke & grant this begd-for-grace,
My ſeruile *Muſe* doth craue vpon her knees,
Now here ſhe comes before thy ſacred face,
And of her Labours makes a ſacrifees,
Then ouer-ſpread them with thy glorious eyes,
Let luſter faire inritch my rurall rime,
Thou haſt the power (great Potent) if thou plees,
To regiſter my verſe in endleſſe time,
If quicknes of thy wit finde any crime,
In thy diſcretion ſepulchrize my wrong,
For why thou know'ſt my *Muſe* in youthfull prime
Did what ſhe could to pleaſe thee in her ſong:
Great is the glory of my wiſh'd-for-gaines,
If deereſt *Dame*, thou patronize my paines.

S. GRAHAME.

THE ANATOMIE OF HVMORS.

A SILKE VVORME firſt eateth it ſelfe out of a very little ſeed, and then groweth to be a quick creature: a while after, it is fed and nouriſhed vpon freſh and greene leaues, then it comes to a greater quantitie, and againe, it eates it ſelfe out of that coat, and worketh it ſelfe in a coate of ſilke ingendred full of ſmall ſeede for many young ones to breed of; in the end it leaues the ſlugh of ſilk for the Ornament of mankinde: And laſt of all, it dieth in the ſhape of a white winged flye. A King may be compared to the ſilke worme, which firſt of the earth becommeth a creature, and then being fed & nouriſhed vpon the grace, favour, and mercie of God, with the loue, feare, and obedience of his ſubjects; he becommeth a King of more kingdomes, and ſo from kingdome to kingdome he groweth to be an imperiall and free Monarch over many Countries, for him and his poſteritie to poſſeſſe for ever: in the end, he leaues his vertues education, his good qualities, his vpright juſtice, his mercie, his compaſſion on the poore, and his loue to all his

people, to be a mirrour to the reſt of earthly Kings, one example to his children, and a never decaying Ornament to all his Off-ſpring: then laſt of all, he returneth againe to the earth; and his ſoule cloathed with pure innocent whitenes, flyeth vp to heaven in the beautifull ſhape of a bright winged Angell. *Who ſhall aſcend* (ſayes the Prophet) *into the mountaine of the Lord, and who ſhall ſtand in his holy place? euen he that hath innocent hands, and a pure heart*, who hath not in the rage of crueltie ſucked the bloud of innocents, who hath not ſuffered the greater powers to oppreſſe his poore Subjects: it is he who extols Iuſtice, and triumphs in mercie. *O God, this man is he whoſe glorie is great in thy ſalvation, both dignitie and honour haſt thou laid vpon him*: It is thou, O Lord, who governes all his actions, and ſtill inſtructs his minde what he ſhall doe: *Cor regis in manu domini quocunque voluerit inclinabit illud:* Then thou ô earthly King, behold how the great and mightie King of all Kings is thy ſure bulwarke, his ſtrength guards thee againſt the malitious mindes of men, the poyſonnous Calumnie of wicked *vipers* ſhall not offend thee, nor the ſubtill hatchers of vnnaturall Treaſon, ſhall neuer prevaile againſt thee, becauſe God aſſures thee of thy life in all thy journeyes by day or by night, he ſtill ſayes vnto thee as he ſaid by the voyce of his Angell to *Gideon: Peace be vnto thee, feare not thou ſhalt not die:* How bold may thou be to build vpon this aſſurance: if God be with thee, who can be againſt thee. *Thy anger is like the roaring of a Lyon, he that prouoketh thee to wrath, ſinneth againſt his owne ſoule.* Who ſhould not tremble at thy furie, & who ſhould not be afraid to offend thee? who dare

21. *Pſal.*

Pro. 21. *Cap.*

Iudg. 6. *Cap.*

Pro. 20. *Cap.*

dare calumniate a King, or yet ſpeake againſt the vprightneſſe of his juſtice; God him ſelfe giues this ſtraite commaund, ſaying, *Thou ſhalt not raile vpon the Iudges, neither ſpeake euill of the ruler of the people.* Then the Apoſtle Saint *Paul* tells thee why thou ſhould not doe it: *Becauſe he is the Miniſter of God to take vengeance on them that doe euill*: I ſay to thee, O King: *Exo. 22. Cap.* *Rom. 13. cap.*

Thou earthly God, whoſe ouer-ruling hand
The Scepter ſwayes, and doth vnſheath the ſword.
Now ſeruile Kingdomes ſtoupes at thy command?
Who dare controle thy vnrecalled word.
Thou, with great glorie of thy triple crowne,
Erecks the good, and throwes the wicked downe.

God hath anoynted thee a King, and placed thee here on earth to be a God, and to doe right to all men, without reſpect of perſons. God him ſelfe calls you a God, and commaunds you, ſaying: *Doe right to the poore and fatherleſſe: doe juſtice to the poore and needie, becauſe I haue ſaid thou art a God:* And therefore be ſure that the great God of heaven, will judge you that are Gods on earth: remember how he is to craue a moſt ſharpe reckoning at your hands, therefore how carefull ſhould thou be ever to diſcharge thy great and waightie charge which hangs over thy head: thou art a ruler of many, and many things will be asked of thee; reſpect alwayes the poore more then the ritch, and let not the complaints of thy people come to thy eares by the mouthes of thy briberous Minions; call the poore complainer before thee, ſtay and heare them with patience, and wearie not to examine their wrongs, when thy pitty hath pondred their eſtate: Pronounce

ſentence with thy owne tongue, then let thy diligent eye ſee judgement executed, and delay not the poore mans cauſe, nor let no feniſtrus requeſt recall thy juſt reſolution. And ſo ſhall the teares of the diſtreſſed creatures imbalme thy ſoule, thy righteouſnes ſhall crowne thee, and thy mercie ſhall ſet thee on the majeſticall Throne of Gods eternall glory! O remember what thou art, where thou art, and what thou ſhalt be, as I haue ſaid: thou art a King anoynted by God over many people: thou art here on earth a Judge; and thou art to be called before the tribunall ſeate of God, to giue a reckoning of thy behaviour! O then how narrowly ſhould thou looke to thy journey, how perrilous is thy Prograce? what weightie burthen hangs on thy ſhoulders, what continuall faſhires, what incomprehenſible care, and what great memorie craues thy carefull eſtate? With eyes of wiſedome governe thy ſight about thy ſelfe, and if thou chance to ſee ſheltred vnder thy owne wings, the deceitfull paraſite, the male-contented Mutenar, the murmuring whiſperer, the detracker of honeſtie, the invier of vertue, the ambitious oppreſſour, or the vnmercifull briber: then if thou finde ſuch caterpillars about thee, ſweepe them away; becauſe they are conſuming cankers to thy ſtate, bloud-ſuckers of innocents, veſſels of treaſon, and ſworne enemies to the true *Vnion* of thy Kingdomes. O ſayes the great King of wiſedome, *Take away the wicked men from the King, and his throne ſhall be ſtabliſhed in righteouſnes.* Shake off all kinde of ſuch infectious ſcabs, and purge thy companie of ſuch peſtiferous euils; keepe ever with the men of truth, and place ſuch men in office as feares God, and

Pro. 25. *cap.*

and loues thee. Let graue and honourable counſailours conduct thee, and guard thy ſelfe with them. Commaund thou them as God hath commaunded all you that are Kings, Say *ye ſhall haue no reſpect of perſons in judgement, but ſhall heare the ſmall as well as the great: ye ſhall not feare the face of man, for the judgement is Gods:* Thou art the Lieutenant of God, therfore thou ſhould looke well to thy officers, and how they are enclined. A true and faithfull *ſubject*, who doth the will of his King, is worth the halfe of his Kings kingdom. O ſayes *Salomon, the joy and pleaſure of a King is in a wiſe ſeruant.* He putteth the charge of him ſelfe in his hands, he is the pillar of his ſtate, and executes the actions of his King with a ſincere equitie. It is not birth that makes thy ſubject noble or honourable. The originall of Nobilitie is like a ſmall ſpring, which good deſert makes the gratefull favour of a King to enlarge to a great river, which by bound dutie ought to pay their dutifull tribute to the King their Ocæan: but how many are they that becomes ingrate, and ſwels with pride, ambition, envie, treaſon, ſedition, and emulation, they become rebellious flouds, & overflowes their banks, and in diſperſing them ſelues, looſes their name, and becomes ignominious to the world. When ſuch men beholds their owne ruine and ſwift deſtruction (which blinde pride did never looke for) then how may their ſhame ſmother ambition in a helpleſſe repentance, making the eyes of man (which was curious to behold the glorious triumph of their vpraiſd pomp) turne with amazement to looke vpon their ſuddaine fall, this tragicall ſpectacle of the great mans grovelling on the ground, makes diſpaire crie out, *Qui jacet in*

Deutro. 1. cap.

Pro. 14. Cap.

terra non habet vnde cadit. O how ſhould that man haue his minde tortered within his loathſome bodie, when he beholds how ſwiftly his glorie hath left him, his honours drowned in diſgrace, his ſalutations turned to contempt: his bare-headed petitioners the ſpectators of his ruine, and the voice of the world (mixtured with loue and diſdaine) making many miſconſtrued ſuppoſitions, his friends weepes and laments his eſtate, his foes ſmiles, and makes the accidents of his deſtruction their diſcourſe, whilſt he poore rejected ſoule cries out, *Colocatus ſum in obſcuris ſicut mortuus ſeculi.* Here is a juſt reward to an vnjuſt ſubject. True ſervice to God, obedience to thee who is King, and vpright judgement voyd of partialitie nobilitates the man, it crownes him with honour, and makes his glory to ſhine eternally: bleſſed is that King who may freely giue his ſubject this moſt glorious and honourable *Epithite*, ſaying, I haue a faithfull ſervant: this man is he whom the booke of God calls the wiſe ſervant, in whom the pleaſure and ioy of a King remaines: he boldly tells thee thy error, his wiſedome prevents thy euill, he whiſpers in thy eare, and deſires thee to read before thou ſet thy hand *Litera ſcripta manent!* O how ſecure may the juſt man be in his ſoule, his ſafe conſcience makes him feareleſſe: he hath compaſſion on the poore, he wreſts not the Law, neither hath he any reſpect of perſons, neither taketh he rewards to blinde his vnderſtanding, nor yet perverteth he the words of the juſt man, but ponders the eſtate of all men with wiſedom: this man may truly be called a righteous Judge: when *Auguſtus Cæſar* gaue auᵭhority to any Iudge, he alſo gaue this advertiſement,

Deutr. 16. *Cap.*

ment, *I put not* (ſayes he) *the treaſure of my honour in thy hands, nor doe I commit my juſtice to thee, that thou ſhould be a deſtroyer of people, the bloud-ſhedder of innocents, nor ane executioner of malefactors, but with the one hand thou ſhould maintaine the good, and with the other hand raiſe vp the euill man from his wickednes. Therefore I ſend thee forth to be a preceptor and defender of Orphanes, a helper of widowes, a Chirurgion for all wounds, a ſtaffe for the blinde, a pittier of the poore, and a father to all perſons. To ſpeake faire to my enemies, and rejoice my friends.* O how much is that man to be eſteemed, who with a fearleſſe reguard executes the will of his Prince, and in ſpite of envious malice, giues a true teſtimonie of a good conſcience: this man is he who is bleſſed in the ſight of GOD, his ritch treaſure layes hoarded vp in heaven, the glory of his GOD, the honour of his King, and the weale of his Countrey is the onely contemplation of his ſoule in this preſent time: how perrilous is the eſtate of mankinde: how is the honeſt mans actions miſdeemed, and his behaviour miſconſtrued, if he be an actour in the affaires of his King and Countrey, then is he cenſured to be a man of partialitie, and a buſie-headed body, if he retire him ſelfe from Court, and meddle with nothing, then is he ſuſpected to be a *Malecole*, one who expects the change of Court, a ſuborner, or elſe a faction-maker: then begins Envie to pick quarrels, Malice will barke and invent falſe information! O how watchfull ſhould the honeſt minded man be in this latter dayes of deceit, to ſaue him ſelfe from the ſubtill ſnares of ſecret envie. This inconſtant world being ſo full of ſubtill deceites, in whom can the

the vpright man truſt, how many in externall complementing ſhowes vowes affection, where ſecret grudge is grounded. And beſides, what a quarrellous pick-thank time is it, when a man dares not truſt him ſelfe, but doubts his deareſt friend. Some reades ſo much on Matchavell, that in the end they turne matchleſſe villaines; the honeſt and plaine dealing man is abhorred and termed a Gull, whilſt politick they imployes their wits to exploit other mens deſtruction, when extreame neceſſitie and miſerie of want doth vrge the poore men to ſteale or rob; then are they preſently taken, put in priſon, and laid in chaines of iron: But when a politick Matchavilian robs the common wealth, and doth oppreſſe the poore, he triumphs in golden chaines: it is he who gets the Law-ſtouping ſalutations on the ſtreete: it is he who makes his deceaving pietie, his cut-throat flatterie, his diſſimulation to God, to his King and his Countrie, poyſon the aire. It is he whoſe vnderſtanding could never reach to that imagination, that there can be a God, and it is he, who for a ſwift paſſing glory damnes his
16. *Cap.* ſoule eternally. This ſort of men are they whom our Saviour Chriſt ſpeakes of in the Evangell of S. *Luke*, that they are cloathed in purple, in ſilke, and in fine linings, well fed, and delicate in all things, in their ſecure ſenſualitie they contemne the poore *Lazarus* lying at their gate, they heare not his ruthfull cries, they are blinde, and ſees not his ſores, their hearts are hardned and conſiders not his miſerable eſtate. Theſe are they who liues in Kings Courts, *Qui molibus veſtiuntur in domibus regum ſunt:* In braue apparrell, in pride of life, and choaked with this worlds vaine glory, what

what reckoning ſhall be taken of ſuch men, and what anſwere can they make to God Almightie, when he ſhall ſay, *Redde rationem vilicationis tuæ*, Giue me a reckoning of thy ſtewardſhip; and *Luk.* 16. therefore the greater thy place, the greater thy reckoning ſhall be before God: And the more thy pleaſures in this life, the more thy paines ſhall be in the life to come. O what a terrible ſentence giues Chriſt in the *Apocalips* when he ſayes, *Quantum in deliciis fuit, tantum date illi tormentum.* What pleaſures hath the ritch man had in this world, let him haue as many torments in the world to come. All thy ſenſes which did abound in delectation, ſhall become moſt loathſome, thy delecate eares, ſhall for their ſweete muſick, receaue moſt deteſtable howling of tormented ſpirits; thy feeling which was vſed to fine linnings, and ſoft ſilks, ſhall feele the burning fire of brimſtone: Thy ſight which had the proſpect of faire buildings, ritch and curious *Architectors*, & pleaſant gardings, ſhall ſee the ouglie ſight of fearfull and terrible divels; thy diantie guſt which did ſurfet with all ſorts of ſweetnes, ſhall be tormented with thirſt and hunger; and thy ſmell which was fed with rare muske, & filled with art of fine oders, ſhall now be perfumed with ſtink and ſent of moſt intollerable filthines. This ſhall be the rewarde given to the ritch gluttons of this world. God ſpeaking by his Prophet *Eſay*, he bids, *Tollatur impius ne videat gloriam Dei;* Take the wicked man away, that he may not ſee the glory of God. Then thou who ſucks forth the heart-

bloud of the poore, thinke on this, and thou who art a grievous oppreſſour, looke to thy ſelfe, or rather thy heart is hardned and can not ſee, thou triumphs in the aboundance of worldly glorie; thy conſcience feeles not the forceable ſtroke of ſinne; thy too much ſenſualitie hath made thy ſoule ſenſles. But ô when ſicknes the fore-running harbinger of agonizing death doeth ſeaſe vpon thy bodie, & wils thee to pay that doubtles debt, no ſuretie will be taken, nor no ſhifting excuſe can helpe thee; thy ſoule muſt needs be ſequeſtred from thy bodie, all thy friends will forſake thee, thy flattering troups which doeth attend thee, will leaue thee, thy pleaſures ſhall loath thee, and in thy loathſome bed ſhalt thou lye deſtitute of all comfort; the divell in moſt fearefull and terrible forme ſhall haunt thee, houlding thy haynous ſinnes before thine eies, and ſtill crying in thine eares, Deſpaire and dye. What miſerable eſtate ſhall this be, when thy wicked life layeth this before thee, and telles, This muſt thou ſuffer, and this way muſt thou goe. And when the maledi&tion of the oppreſſed man, the deſtreſſed widow, and fatherles Children, whoſe ruth-begging-clamours, diſturbes the Heavens, and brings thee (O wicked man) to this miſerable end. Can thy ritches ridde thee, or ſette the free from the horrible paines of Hell? Where is the glory of thy wealth and ſubſtance nowe? *Divitiarum jactantia quid vobis contulit?* And beſides all this, how infamous ſhall thy name be amongſt the Commons ſtill, like a Tennice

nice ball, toſſed from mouth to mouth, ſaying, The moſt pernitious inſtrument of our age hath left this worlde; The onely Glutton of Ambition whoſe inſatiable defires coulde never be filde, one who ſubornde the eare of his Prince, and made him beleeue that everie ſtrange face was comde to cut his throat, one whoſe envy wold suffer no man riſe but himſelfe. When ever he did marke any aſpyring branch, flouriſh vnder the ſhining favour of the King, then did his ſeditious wittes, and his *Luciferian* pryde, ſearch by all-meanes how to deſtroy him. This ever byting hound whoſe teeth was a contagious canker, when his heart was moſt ful of miſchief, then was his tongue moſt ful of flatterie. O filthie diſeaſe of flattery, it were better for a man to follow a dogge, and liue vpon his ſurfating vomet, then to be a flatterer. O flattery the very intyſing ſnare of deceit, vnder the which all kinde of dangers lieth obſcured in *Ambuſh:* to be ſhort he was ſuch a one, that ſtill did impoveriſh the Kings coffers to inritch his own, he did not loue to ſe theſe to whom he was beholden, to al his friends vnthākfull, of all good deeds forgetful, and to al wel-deſerving mindes ingrate. O thou filthie ingratitude, thou art even the very excrament of all evilles, ill faring man, faire ill: I muſt leaue thee, for my breath is putrified with ſounding the Trumpet of thy ignominious imperfections. Ryde on thy poſting journey, for indeed thou may ride a ſwift gallop to hell, when thou haſt the *Arch-diuell* thy guide to winde his horne before thee, *let him who is hulcerus*

ſhrink at his owne ſmart, when his ſores are ſerſt. Now as for the yong aſpyring gallant, I haue moſt rare and excellent Collours to paint thy portrate in a trew luſtring forme; take Phyſick to ingender thy patience, although my ſpeech be Satyrick, What then? bitter drinkes are goode for the ſtomack, Therefore come on thou vngratious Boy, for I muſt haue a bout with thee, Thou chylde of vnthrift, when thy parents gives thee ſtore of wealth, before God giue thee witte to governe: Then be ſure thou ſelſt all, pawnſt all, and ſpendſt all. How careles art thou of whats to come? Thou never thinkſt on want, but playes the *infant perdu* freely, ſtill aſſuring thy ſelfe, that thy father hath a fatted Calfe to be kilde at thy Converſion. Vpon the hope of this, thou letſt all goe, like the *ſmoake* of *Tobacco*, or like a ſoppy billow, which flees from the ſhell of the walnut, and ſtraight doth vaniſh in the aire. It may be thy father or mother, hes ſcraped this ſubſtance together with labour, hunger and pinching of their belly: How beggerly perchance hath thy parents lived to provyde for thee? How carefull were they to get it? And how careles how they got it? evill and vnlawfull conqueſſe makes ſuch Impes of perdition come after and ſpend all. Thou art like a raging Courſer, which runnes without a brydle, or rather like a ſtorme-beaten-ſhip amidſt the Rocks, hauing no Rudder at all. Thou doeth quintiſcens thy vnderſtanding, and imploys thy wits, leaving no deceit vnſought how to get money. Thou intrudeſt thy

ſelfe

ſelfe in the Kings favour, building great authoritie on his ſmyle; if he grace thee with his eare, then becõmeſt thou homely, bold, and audatious lying, cogging and flattering, that the behoulders and hearers may thinke thee a trew and perfite Courtier in deed. By this meanes, many men employes thee to ſpeak to the Prince in their afaires, ſutes, cõplaints and requeſts, are put in thy hands. What is offered thee for thy paines? Thou wilt doe nothing till thou get halfe, or all in hand; then thou ſelſt the poore mans ſute to ſome other, and so makes thy ſhifting delayes excuſe thy ſhameles deceat. If thou be ſometyme altogether out of money, thou calſt thy wits to a reckoning, and then diſguiſes thy ſelfe in ſome ſtrange apparels; and on the hie way will rob the paſſenger of his purſe. *A King may giue honor of knight-hood, but he can not giue moyen to maintaine it.* After thy robery, then come to Court with thy bolde erected face, and an impudent geſture moſt majeſticall, to maske thy rogiſh villany. In a vagabounding humor, thy nights are ſpent in whowring; ſo thou makſt thy bawdrie & ſpending in a Bordell increaſe thy reputation, and then thy lecherous life makes the blew circle vnder thy eye, tell the world how much thou art over-ſpent in ſubſtance of bodie. Beſides all this, the Paliards token which thou caries of a Merſenary woman, is moſt pleaſant for the Apotecharie, and very profitable for the Barber. Thou affirmeſt thy ſelf to be of the *Iudayecall* law, and much more in going beyond the *Iew* in thy vpright *Circumciſion*. Notwithſtanding,

ding of all this, every Ladie in the Court, muſt be thy miſtres; but thy chief choiſe is a gallant, and moſt quick-witted Lady, whoſe experience knows what duety belongs to the quiet opening of a back doore, perfumed ſmocks, a whiſpering voice, and cloath-ſhooes, & who in a *veneryan* diſcourſe, with the want of ſhame, will make her fan ſerue to cover the bloudles bluſh of her never bluſhing face; thy want of purpoſe is ſupplied with many apiſh triks, and in thy interluds doth praiſe her miſtaken beautie, affirming, that it is not painting makes her faire, nor that her perfumd breath giues delicacie to the ſmel, no thou ſwerſt Nature hes done al. The crew of vnthrifts are thy comrades, ſuch cumpanions as hes made *compaction* with the divell to ride poſte to hel: when thou commeſt to a taverne, and enters in the ſecond degrie of drunknes, then playeſt thou the *Rodomontado*, and in thy *Orlando Furioſo humor*, cals for *Oceans* of wyne, a world of *Tobacco*, and whole mountaines of *ſuger*: who wil refuſe to carouſe thy miſtres helth, then is he called the ſon of a whowre, the wine thrown in his face, & ſtraight cartaliſde to a combat; thou muſt be ſtout and out-ſwagger al, & ſtill curſe the cœleſtiall ſignes which are not in *Cancer* or *Scorpio*, to the effect thou may let out thy colerick bloud, in thy ſwearing moſt horrible, ſo that the greevous terror of oathes, makes the haire of the hearers head ſtand right vppe; when the hoſt brings thee a reckoning, then thou wilt ſweare to pay all, and ſo takes it in truſt, for I grant it is the true pendeckles of gentilitie, to black bookes with recko-

reckonings, to hunt with dogs, to play at dyce, and dally with drabs, and ſometime to make a cuckold of thy furniſher: when a married man becommes a Monſter, what kinde of glory is it to ſee him walk on the ſtreets, with a pair of egregious erected hornes, and every one poynting their finger at his horned-worſhip. Thou art of no Religion, but a meere *Athieſt*, then aſſure thy ſelfe to liue vnquerrelled, thy roume and large conſcience will make thee to eſcape excommunication, becauſe the Libertine goes alwayes frie; yet for all this thou goeſt to Church for faſhion ſake, and makes thy ſeming pietie weare thy brieches on the knees, as the young Lawyer goes to the houſe of Juſtice, and without profeit, weares the fore-breaſt of his gowne on the Bar, ſo that he is forſt to make a ſommer cloak of the poſterior parte: All this miſerie proceeds of the want of Clyants, and fearfull complainours, who dares not truſt the defence of their action in the hands of ſuch a skil-wanting Novice. Thou imitating all kinde of ſtrange humors, ſtill becomes inconſtant in thy cloathes: Thy traffick is with the Lumbard, thou makes it thy *Gwarda robba*, and thy ſerce is amongſt the *Phreprye*s, and oft-times a purpoſe thou ſtayeſt from Court a prettie whyle, that occaſion may offer thee to returne with a newe faſhion of cloaths, not vnlike a Cittizens young wyfe, who in curious pryde of a newe-fangling *Humour*, will take the advantage to change her buske vvhen ſhe

ſhe comes from her child-bed. If thou haſt any thing, ſell, pawne, borrow, and begge, to buy knight-hood; thy wife muſt haue a hoode, and be called Madame, although thou and ſhe ſhould liue beggerlie, and lay the moſt parte of your cloaths in lavender, to maintaine the naked ſtyle; it is a baſe ambition, which brings nothing with it but the bare name. Povertie maks ſuch ſort of people turne Cunny-catchers, take vp commodities, skambell, beg and borrow of their betters, and ſtill liue by the tryall of their wits, attended on by brokers, who ſpares not to ſeek & ſerch be al means to know who will giue their money out for intreſt, making large and fair promiſes, damning his ſoule to confirme his lyes, till at laſt with vowes and oathes, he deceaues his neighbour; and that which an honeſt man hes gathered with great paines, and longſome travell, gotten and ſcraped together, to maintaine him and his family: Then is it put in the hands of a deceitfull villaine, who never thinks to repay a pennie of it. How ſoone his credit is loſt? then is he gone, and becomes bankerout. So is many a poore man left with his wife and children to make new ſhift, this is a voluntarie robberie, which a good conſcience could never yet excuſe. The *ſerjants* attends like pages of honor vpon ſuch careles vnthrifts, whoſe eares are ever attending, *I arreſt you ſir*. The dambd Crew, and the ſwaggering Conſort of companions, hants commonlie about the Court and capital Citties, and waits on Taverns, the ordinaries, ſtage-playes, tilting, balling, and revelling, ſo

ſo are they at al ſorts of conventions, and with cunning authoritie becomes pocket-ſerſers, and purſpykers, their promynado is in ſome other parte like *Pauls* Church at *London*, where many poore gentlemen dines with Duck *Vmphra*, and then comes to the ſtreets Spaniard-like with an emptie bellie, piking his teeth; in this abuſed place, theſe imps of vnthrifts makes their meetings, and there invents new ſtratagems how to get freſh money; ſome by horſe, and ſome by foote, will walk like night Owls on the fields, waiting ſcollers comming from their friends, farmorers cõming to *London*, marchants going to mercats, & lawiers coming from the viſitation of their clyants, and ſo transforming the word of *God ſaue you ſir*, in *Rander your purſe ſir*, they become obſolut commanders. O they haue no revenues of lands, this purcheſe makes them go gallant in faire cloathes, & entertain an horſe & a whore, & ſometime for neceſſitie ſake, himſelfe will be *Pandor*; of what proceedes all this villany? It is true, the King hath no warres, nor wil not grant Commiſſioners, nor letters of Mark for the ſea, every Galies and Galias lying idle and waiſt without ſlaues, ſo that my Lord Cheif Juſtice is forſt to fill priſons, and flooriſh *Tyburn* with the lewd conſort of this dambd Crew. Theſe ſparkes of perdition, caries the name of Gentle-mens ſonnes, hauing great revenues and rents, and for the moſt parte are calde Capitaines, or elſe Lewtenants; aske him where he was made Capitaine, he will preſently anſwere in eighty eight, that time when the king of *Spains* great

Armado was overthrowne; or elſe in *Ireland*, when the Earle of *Eſſex* was generall. O to heare them tickle a diſcourſe of valour, what great *bravados* (as the *Spaniard* ſayes) *Que ſon Mais los amenazados, que los acuchilla dos*, and how they kill men be apprehenſion, leads on troups, and never takes them off againe, *Como vno Spanzola Rodamontado*, that ſayes, his beard grew with ſmook of muſcats, and the haire of his head decayde with the noyſe of Cannons: ſuch ſorte of men makes the winde of their ſtomack become firme aer, ſo that every word (by ſelfe conſate, and a lying diſcourſe) appeares in his owne minde a braue man. Theſe are the men who affirmes *tranſmigratioune*, and makes it the chief Article of their beleif, as when he ſayes, *Bota a dios io ſta hidalgo Naſſido*, So by imagination, he is the moſt valorous man that ever lived, he will haue a ragement, and all his Souldiers muſt haue Monarchs minds; all his drums muſt be made of kings ſkinnes, and preſentlie he will vow and ſweare that his ſword ſhall kill none except it be Cornels, Capitaines, *e Cavelleros muy honorados*. What man of a ſoled wit wolde not ſmyle to heare ſuch baſe Cowards diſcourſe, and chiefly in a Taverne, or elſe in a bordell amongſt *whowres*: away with ſuch cogging villains, which are naught els but the very excraments of mankinde. What may be thought of the buffie headed man, who ranges from Countrie to Countrie, he haunts Courts, and becomes a ſpye, ſtill curious to ſearch newes and verye diligent to knowe the ſecrets of all eſtates; in this point

point he proves a rare intelligencer, and ſo much the more by ingyring himſelfe with hanging on the companie of young and light-headed Courtiers, with a counterfoot geſture, ſtill plauſible to their *idle humors*, at his comming to towne before he come to Court, he takes his lodging in the ſub-vrbs and inquyres for the *Phrepry*, and then, be ſure he will enter like a *Polonian*, a *Sweiſh*, or a *Fleming*; But ô how ſwiftlie will he be chainged in ane *Italian*, a *French*, or elſe in a *Spaniſh* ſute? In this new Metamorphus, hee comes bouldlie to the ſtreete, and makes his promynad towardes the Court, preſſing (as it were) to accompanie his vnacquainted apperrell with a borrowed geſture, making the world poynte at his oulde garment, furniſhed with newe faſhions, till ſome poore Gentle-man take notice of his owne late pawnded ſute. Then (even then) beginnes povertie to make the true owner bluſhe at the Baſtarde behaviour of baiſnes it ſelfe, whilſt the boy of the *Phreprey* is ſette to attend on his hyrde apperrell, and ſtill to remember the ſtranger to come back, and make reſtitution, and that he may leane off the wal, and alwayes keepe his cloathes cleane. When he circuits the Palace, he ſcornes to be aſhamed, but needs will intrude himſelf amongſt Gentle-men and Ladies, then beginnes Curioſitie to inquyre what's he? O ſayes one, he is a Traveller, a man of a moſt rare wit, and of a very quick diſcourſe, he is an Heretick Poet, who can ryme *extempore*, Mitolat-lynes, Stropyat-verſes, with

halting-feete, and make any object his ſubject, and more then this, he hath the true arte of face painting, he knowes the ſecreet vertue of complections, and hee can lay an vpright vermilion collour vpon the pale cheeks of bloudles Ladies. What folies and ſuperſtitious vanities may the eies of Wiſdome beholde in the affronted and damnable cuſtoms of wicked mankinde, whoſe mindes are a mirror of miſchief, a bordell to vyce, and an excramentle corruption of all inormities, it ſmels of treaſon to knock at the doore of a Kings minion, ſo with ſcretching (the long waiting petitionar, may weare his nales to the fleſh) before he ſhall be diſpatched, this makes many mal-contented myndes ſtand vpon the Thæater of impatience, behoulding the glittering ſtage of an evill furniſhed and deformed Court, where blinde *Forton* playes a prologue to the triumph of Time, acted with the abhominable ſinnes of *Envy*, *Pryde*, *Ambition*, *Gluttonie*, *Avarice* and *Licherie*, &c. But ô how happie is that man whoſe heart is not polluted with the imperfection of Court, whoſe head is not ſtuft with a world of faſcheries, and whoſe minde is not croſt with tormenting refuſals. This man is he who liues at home voyde of treaſon, ſecure without feare or danger, and moſt ritch with ſweete contentment, it is he who ſcornes to climbe a falling Towre, and whoſe chiefe felicitie is not fixed, nor placed vpon vncertaine toyes; ſo very well may it be ſaid,

How

HOw bleſt is he whoſe happy dayes are ſpent
Far from the Court, and liues at home in eaſe:
It's onely he whoſe ritch with ſweete content
And builds no neſt on top of Cædar trees:
No ſtorming ſtrife, nor yet no Viprich kinde
Of treaſons gilt, doth harbor in his minde.

He eats that bread, which ſweating labor yeelds,
With open doores, ſecure in his repoſe;
He walks alone, abroad on ſpatious fields,
Goe where he pleaſe, he needs not feare his foes:
He trades on that, which proud ambition brings,
And ſcornes the threatning terror of great Kings.

I grudge to ſee when many a ſcurvie Clowne,
Of no deſert triumphs, in their deſire,
And from the top of Honor doth throwe downe
Heroyk ſpirits, preſuming to aſpire:
Shame wher's thy bluſh? cā heauens contēt with this
To ſee good Kings, deceaued with Judas *kis.*

Thou helliſh Court where cut-throat flattrie dwels,
Where ſimple trueth no kinde of ſhailter findes,
Where baſer mindes, with pride and enuy ſwels
Where rueling hearts are like inconſtant winds,
Where Forton *blinde playes to a poultrons chance,*
And makes deceat in glittring robs to dance.

You painted ſnakes, whoſe bitter poyſning gall,
With want of pittie, plagues the poore mans purſe,
Gaiping damnation, doth attend you all,

Ther's

Ther's no Relax for your Eternall curſſe:
Then curſt be Court, thou monſtrous Map of Hell,
Where enuy, pryde, and treaſon loues to dwell.

O Time, what a pretious thing art thou to be thus abuſde and wrongde with ſo many? When thou art loſt, who can finde thee? When thou art gone, who can recall thee? How happie are they who employes thee well, and ſpends thee not in hunting idle and vncertaine toyes? What a pittie is it to ſee braue ſpirites ſo careles of time, and ſtill waiſting of their wits in vaine? Conſuming their youthfull yeares in ſuch ſlauiſh ſervice, where vertue could never harbour, and at laſt guardond with ingratitude, how oft hath the cowardlie flatterer cropen in favor, and catched the gallant mans reward? O but the diſgrace of indiſcretion pertaines to the diſtributer, & not to the wel-deſerving man. Let the man whoſe meriet is great, put on Patience, croſſe his armes, and ſmyle at ſhameles ingratitude, what a ſhame is it for ſuch as are borne to great ritches, and yet wants nobilitie! O to be noble now in theſe dayes, it is thought to be prodigal, and ſo the hearts of higher powers, are tranſformed in the hearts of avaritious vſurers, who makes their gould their God; he houlds his hand faſt, his blinde pryde, and voluntarie forgetfulnes, thinks every man bound by duetie to ſerue and doe his vtermoſt, without ſo much as thinks, How ſhall braue men in this miſerable extremitie liue, or keepe goode cloathes on his back? ſeing his ſervice is all his revenues, Poore man, he is forſt to goe ſeek his

his forton be ſome other meanes. Becauſe when he goes to the warres, every Capitaine will be his Comrad, and if his courage deſerue honor, he ſhall get it, and what he hath by hazard is ſweete content, he gets *elbo*-roume to eate his meate, he needs not lay downe his cloak in vaine to ſit at the great-mans table, for if there wants roume, he muſt ſtand like the pillar of ſalt which *Lots* wife was turned in, or elſe ſteale to his cloak, and ſtay for the latter meate, where never yet was ceremony of ſitting downe, for he that comes firſt, ſits firſt, and then ſits like one flightred in rops, if he holde not his hand on his trinſher, hee may be robd whilſt he drinks, if he eates at leaſure, he may be ſure to riſe with an empty belly; if he be hungrie, he muſt ſwellow all with vncivilitie, and put himſelfe in perrell of chocking. I think the ſtomack of a latter-meate-man, and the ſtomack of a dog, muſt be very like of diſgeſture, and their throats of a like meaſure, for they without vſe of their teeth ſwallows all. At hunting, after the Deere is kild and cwird, then is his intrals throwne to the hounds, whoſe greedie appatide, and eager ſtrife, without regarde, ſlabring the guts about their eares, and every one pulling from another gormounds filth and all. In treuth me thinks, there is nothing in ſimilitude, can come ſo neare the forme of a Courtiers latter-meat break-faſt, the ſavage rudnes of ſuch creatures, tels modeſtie, that they never learned, *Quos decet in menſa mores ſervare docemus*, They are altogether ignorant of civill inſtructions, their quick expedition,

tion, makes their patience cry, either a ſhorte grace, or elſe no grace at all. O what a heavie croſſe is it for an honeſt heart to liue in ſuch a graceles and ſlaviſhe life, let him ſerue, waite, ryd, all is in vaine, and without profite. Behold the Catigorie of whiſprers. One will round in his Lords eare an errant lye; another forge and invent a flattring diſcourſe to pleaſe the humor of his maſters minde; ſome will doe no good ſervice except it be in ſight, that he may gaine thanks, and the villane proues naught elſe but a pyk-thank knaue, and a back-byter of his deareſt companions. I wonder but ſome of the wiſer ſort of noble men, ſhold ponder and conſider very wel, ſic villanie, and ſtil grace the pyk-thank with a liſting eare, take good-heed to his detracting diſcourſe, and ever ayme at all his actions with a diligent eie, protect his knaverie with a ſmyle, why? becauſe ſuch men are *mali neceſſarij*, ô but good my lord, beleeue him not without great triell, take a reckoning of his relation, and keep not malice in a miſconſtring minde towards an honeſt man, if it be a mater of importance, which concernes both honour and credit, then ſpare not to call the ſuſpected man before thee, and aske him in ſecracie, if this or that be true, if thou findſt any knavery, either be malice, or be juſt tryell, guerdone the honeſt man with honour, and caſſeir the knaue with ſhame, contrare-poyſon ſuch conſuming cankers, & keep not ſuch venemous *vipers* in thy company, but ſtil away with ſavors of diſcention, and breeders of mutanie, for how can a cittie

ſtand

ſtand, or yet hold out againſt the enemie, when it is devided in it ſelfe: Or if the members of thy bodie be creſd or feiſtred with filthy ſores; thou whō is the head, can never be well; thy followers are thy guard; and therfore thy guard that guards thee ſhould be ſound and of one minde, accompanied with loue one to another, without envie, grudge, or malice: and aboue all things, they ſhould carie a great and awfull reſpect, to thee who is their onely head and maiſter: thy glory is to ſee all that attends thee in good equipage; and it is thy ſhame to ſee men that corrupts good maners, to bide in thy companie, or to attend thy perſon. The honeſt geſture decores the groſnes of the apparrell, but evill education would ſpoile a diadem. If thy ſervant or retainer, after two or three admonitions refuſe inſtruction, decard him, and let him goe: becauſe ſimple ignorance can be no excuſe to arrogant wilfulnes, be curteous to thy friend, and ſtill be noble to thy followers. Becauſe they who attends thee, are as ſtrengthie pillars of thy eſtate, and without them thou can not ſtand. Be liberall, but no wayes prodigall, and as a contagious Peſt, ever eſchew that filthy and deteſtable vice of *avarice*. Contemne that beggerly *Canalze*, who counſailes thee, to ſhame thy worth with a niggards minde, great is the great-mans honour, which conſiſts in a wiſe ſervant. It is not the diſcreet holding of a great houſe, will impoveriſh thy ſtate. And it is not thy noble heart to thy followers will empty thy cofers: No, it is when the vnthrift in his prodigall humor,

moſt vngratiouſly ſpends his rent vpon change of *whores*, and diligent Pandors in ſecret villanie, when the darkned clouds of the quiet night, brings ſilent reſt to the honeſt ſort: even then is the ſparkes of perdition ranging the ſtreetes, and making their ritch triumph in bordels. *O heavens why made thou night to cover ſinne:* it is this and ſuch abuſe as this be, that cankers the ſtate of many a man: theſe abominations breeds many beggers, and drawes down Gods vnreſiſtable wrath vpon them ſelues, their houſe, and their off-ſpring. And againe, how will other miſers ſpend their ritches ſo narrowly, and yet how ſwiftly will it conſume, becauſe God hath not bleſſed their portion; ſome will hoard it vp, and neither hath joy nor comfort of it: they hold in their hand, and with earneſt eyes over-looks every thing niggardly: it is they who ever takes a ſharpe reckoning of the kitchin-*Counts*, and ſtill giues ſtrait command to the Butler and Pantry keeper, betwixt meales to goe take the *aire* in ſome quiet corner, where he can not be found. O theſe be they who ſubſcriues their precepts with a counterfetted *Character*, to the effect the deburſer ſhould not anſwer his Maiſters warrant, but only make payment with ſhifting delayes. Theſe ſort of men weares their cloathes till they weare out of faſhion, and than transformes them in the laſt edition. When this mā is called to any convention cōcerning his King or Country, or yet to pleaſure his friends in any affaires, to eſchew the journey, then be ſure he will haue the meagrime in his head, a paine in his teeth, ſome

ſome collick in his intrals, either *Siatike*, or elſe by guttiſh, then muſt his beggerly worſhip keepe his chamber, & take ſome *Phiſick* to expell the *humor* of expenſes: they are alwaies deafe when they heare of any thing that ſounds of *asking*: they can never be found in their giving *humor*, but are alwaies ſtarke blind at the ſight of the well-deſerving man: this ignobilitates *honor*, it crownes *ſhame*, it treads downe *vertue*, it inthrones *vice*, and makes helliſh *ingratitude*, to becom the *triumph of time*. Should a Princely ſpirit be ſo baſe, as not to haue a care of the man whoſe merit is great: ſhould he haue that ingratfull mind to make a forged fault, rob him of his reward, and then ſend him to thee yet: or ſhould he haue that vnchriſtian heart, to let him know of want. O worſe (yea ten thouſand times worſe) then the verie hearts of brute beaſts: *Curſed be thou ingratitude*, the chiefe of all euils: fie on ſuch beggerly breſts, which are borne to be Noble, and then containes naught elſe but pinching *avarice*. *O cancro, le Spalle d' vn huomo da bene non debbono portare la ſomma di tante injurie*. O it grieues me mightily that I can not raile enough, and it grieues me more, that nothing elſe but bare railing ſhould work revenge vpō the baſe abuſe of ſuch ſtrange monſters, whoſe degenerate hearts from true Nobility are gilt over with golden words. But what cā be ſaid to a cautariſd cōſcience, a remorſles mind, or to a hardned & ſenſles heart, who never died the face of *honor* with the bluſh of ſhame, the gentle heart of an honeſt minded man, bolds his turret of recōpēce vpō the ruinous groūd

of idle promiſes, ſtill credulous, and ever ritch in naked hope, till at laſt his merit growes ſo great, that his ſight becomes loathſome to him, who ſhould reward him. Who is it then that gets and gathers all the gaines? flattering pick-thanks, vnworthy fowles, cowardly poltrones, and canailies, who ſtill keepes begging in requeſt. So ideots, ſtoyicks, and paraſites, are ritch, when Princes and gallants are poore. Such is the ſubtilty of ſnakie hatchers of envious treaſon, and ſubtill villaines. To ſee two crafty knaues meet in Court, in ſtreet, or any where, how will they ſalute one another with ſhaking of hands with low courteſaies, annixt complements, offers, vowes, and large promiſes will paſſe betwixt them: how ware will they be ever doubting, not vnlike two cunning and ſure Fenſers lying at a ſafe guard: O that then their bodie were tranſparent like chriſtall, and that an honeſt man might ſee what hid miſchiefe lies in their hearts. I thinke the honeſt man might gnaſh his teeth, to ſee the hote rancounter of equall deceit, the true race of *Babilonian* raſcalls, the ſlaues of pride, and generation of *Haman*. If any ſuch villaine haue the credit to gather & take vp his Lords rents and revenewes, in receaving and deburſing: then be ſure he keepes the two rules of *Arithmetick*, to wit, *Subſtraction* and *Multiplication*, the one helps him in his receaving, the other in his deburſing; hee muſt enterline his counts, enlarge his ſummes, invent new journeyes, exploite all kinde of courſes that may be expenſive, onely a purpoſe to make

make great volumes of reckonings, that his vantage may be the greater, & his theift the better covered. Hee robs his Maiſter of his revenewes, and makes him ſelfe a great rent, and with a godleſſe purchaſe he liues like a Prince, enritching his owne poſteritie, and puts his Maiſter ever in debt: the Noble man thinks him ſelfe to be well ſerved, and that he hath a faithfull and truſtie ſervant, when the villaine is a cut-throat, a vnderminder of his Maiſters ſtate, and brings his lands in morgage: this man will counſaile his Lord to ſell his lands, and this villaine will be the firſt will offer him money; theſe kinde of deceaving Paraſites are made ritch with falls and godleſſe conqueſt. O this man is he that hath no ſoule, he plagues the tenants, and ſtops the eare of his Maiſter from the poore farmourers complaint: he hath no compaſſion on the widow or fatherleſſe, in giving of rewards he robs his Lords honour, being commaunded, he either giues little, or none at all: he payes the well-deſerving man with faire excuſing-words, & the poore diſtreſſed begger with God help you, but when the purſe-bearers reckonings are produc'd, how large, how liberall, and how honourable will he make his Maiſters rewards to be. O this affronted villaine with a ſhameleſſe face, and with perjured oathes, will damne the verie ſoule of him ſelfe. O that the King, the Duke, Lord, Laird, Maiſter, or the ſuperiour, be what thou will, would take ſuch a treacherous knaue by the neck, and ſay, Sirra, giue me a reckoning of my goods; thou art a cogging villaine, thou art a tray-

tour, and betrayed me: thou haſt ſtollen my ſubſtance and begirt me, thy deceit hath over-ſiled my *Parents*, robd their lands, & made me to liue in poverty: thou haſt woone all with falſe dice, lay down againe, or elſe thou ſhalt ſmart for it. I thinke, be what thou may be, thou may doe this, and thou may doe it with auctoritie of a good conſcience, and ſo giue an example to all coſoning raſcals, to cogging flatterers, and to all treacherous villaines. When Generalls, Coronals, or Captaines, receaues pay from the Prince or his Pagadore, to doe good ſervice to the Countrey, they who are commanders of the Armie, will make new Callenders of their owne enlarging yeares and moneths: for ſomtime they will make the yeere to be 15. moneths, the moneth fiue or ſix weekes, to the wrack of the ſouldiers: and againe, their monters ſhall be given in to be thirtie, fortie, fiftie, or a hundreth thouſand ſtrong, when they ſhall ſcarſe be half ſo many men, ſo that falſe monters is the ruine of a camp, the robbing of a Prince, and the only deſtruction of poore ſouldiers by the law of Armes and counſaile of warres, ſuch caterpillers of a Campe ſhould be hanged, caſhiered, raked and tortured, and at leſt get the *ſtrapado*. Many a Captaine goes gallant, and playes the bravado with the poore ſouldiers pay: how can a ſouldier liue, when he gets no pay to maintaine him. Is it not a great and worthy glorie, and a mightie courage to the Generalls heart, when he ſees all his Armie of gallant men in good equipage, and his Camp well furniſhed. And to be

be more carefull for the ſouldiers then for him ſelf, ſeeing the ſouldier is his defence, and the onely fortreſſe of his eſtate. O that the eyes of Princes would not winke at ſuch villanie, and that their wealth ſhould not be ſo vnworthily beſtowed. A kings minion that knowes all the ſecrets of the King, and next to the Kings body, perchance will be an intelligencer, a factor, & a doer for neighbor Princes, preſſing to raiſe and keepe them vp, and vnderminding his owne King and Maiſter, taking large ſums, ſo that he becomes a Pentioner to a forraine Prince, yea if it were to ten Kings, he will take of all: this buſie-headed and craftie knaue, for all this he is not miſtruſted, but ſtill advanced and eſteemed to be a true ſubject, and ſtill thought a man who doeth good ſervice to his King & Country. Now in this chirping time of peace, when none triumphs but cowards & poltrones, ſouldiers and ſchollers are baniſht Court & Country, they are counted a contagious Peſt, and vnprofitable inſtruments. What ſhal we all turne cowards, & ſtill try our patience in ſuffering wrongs? when the couragious ſouldier begins to diſcourſe how he hath ſpent his time in wars, he begins to tel in the Winter how he lies in garriſon, & in the ſpring-time like a well managed ſhip going to her voyage, ſo in braue equipage goes he to the fields commanded by his Chieften, and animated in his march with ſound of Trumpet, and tuck of Drummes; if they approach the enemie in faire fields, they muſt marche in battaile, if the Campe defende or purſue a Towne, they muſt entrench

entrench them ſelues, make redoubts, and conques ground, defend their Cannon, ſet their Gabions, and paliſade their weaker places, the ſouldier muſt ſtand his houre ſentinell perdew, vnder the mercie of Musket and Canon, and what is all their ſport? naught elſe but flying of Colours, ſounding of Trumpets, touking of Drummes, claſhing of harneſſe, ſhooting off Muskets, roaring of Cannons, thundring of vp-blowne-Mines, giving aſſaults, and getting repulſe with ſundry & thick ſortes, making retreats, and with freſh courage joyning hote and fierce rancounters, bringing deſtruction, rape, bloud-ſhed, murther, and cruell vengeance. O this fearefull diſcourſe makes the haires of a coward ſtand right vp, he will not buy honour at ſuch a perrillous rate, he will ſtay at home and be knighted either by moyen or money: ſuch is the abuſe of worthy knighthood, that now every kitchen-fellow may attaine to, be flattering credit of euil-purchaſd wealth. *Non venit ex molli vivida fama thoro*, Dolours, paines, guts, avarice, ambition, envie, the ſtonie gravell, the plague, inventing of treaſon, and thouſand worſe infirmities, and worſe diſeaſes are found and bred by idlenes and ſtaying at home, much more then in travaile or going in farre journeyes. I hate this miſerable ſect of *Epicurians*, who onely loues to eate, ſleepe, and drinke. Looke on a drunkard, how the continuall exhaufting of drinke enflames his face with fire, and transformes his noſe in a red rock of ſpurtled and white-headed rubies, whoſe gliſtring luiſter yeelds a vermilion reflex

flex to palenes it ſelfe: and yet the more the ſtomack be oppreſſed with the ſtrength of drinke, the more it heates and dries vp, *Quo plus sunt potæ, plus ſitiuntur aquæ*, ſuch ſort of tiplers who loues and hath pleaſure in bibbing and continuall ſupping of ſtrong drinke: this *Epicurian* ſect, I ſay, makes their back & their belly their *ſummum bonum*. O I blame the great abuſe of companionrie, who can not keep ſocietie, and be merrie in honeſt & civill paſtimes: they think all nothing if that they drinke not drunk: what a beaſtly thing is drunkennes? and what an abhominable mother is it to all other ſinnes, it is the very gate of hell. *Alexander* the great, when he had conqueſt the world with valour, yet drinke overthrew him, and killed him: how many branches of miſchiefe ſprings from that filthy rowt? I ſay to thee who hath bene a drunkard, & hath bene an abuſer of the benefits of God, perchance rather for the loue of company, then for the loue of drink: If thou haſt remorſe, and is angry at thy ſelfe, thou art happy. And I will entreat thee to behold the beaſtly behaviour of a drunkard, when he is in his drunkennes, and it will make thee hate drunkennes worſe then any thing: in man it is more then filthy, and in woman ten thouſand times worſe, *becauſe ſhee can not hide her owne ſhame*. I confeſſe and alow that both men and women ſhould drinke moderatly, for the better health of their body; but I thinke it odious, when one ſhall (as it were) force another to drinke more then meaſure, to ſurfet and ſpoile them ſelues; to this, I ſay with the *Italian, è qual*

Eccle. 26. cap.

è di pazzia ſigno peu expreſſo: Che per altri, voler perder ſe ſteſſo: It is a great ſigne of madnes, when any bodie for the loue of another will kill him ſelfe: *To whom is woe? to whom is ſorrow? to whom is ſtrife? to whom is murmuring? to whom are wounds without cauſe? (and) to whom is the rednes of the face and the eyes? euen to drunkards.* This inſatiable cuſtome is ſo enlarged within this Iland, that it is in all ſorts of eſtates chãged from vice to vertue. How many fundry ſorts of ſins hath intruded them ſelues amongſt vs; ſtrange and new invented finnes comes from the Court to the Countrey, like the new faſhions of apparrell: how new-fangled are we to follow them, diſcending by degrees, for we may ſtill ſee the baſer ſort ſtriving to imitate their betters, and rather in wickednes then in goodnes: the Clowne ſtriues in his faſhions to follow the Gentleman, and the Court waiting Ladies is counterfaited with the Country drab; few or none followes the honeſt mans maners: honeſtie, & truth are becomd baniſht traytors, nor yet dare Charitie come neere Court: the civill and vpright man hath waited long in the glorious Courts of Kings, & can not find favour, he is turned back wearied, he weeps to ſee a ſcurvie & vngodly conſort of villaines, crowned with deceit, & wrapt vp in the painted robes of flatterie, in the Triumph of thieft, adorned with iniquitie in the Chariot of forgetfulneſſe, drawne to hell with the ſeaven deadly finnes. What can heroyick ſpirits ſay to the hainous abuſe of pretious time in this laſt and miſerable age. Let him pittie forgetfulnes, and

Pro. 23. Cap.

figh

ſigh at villanie, or rather let him turne home againe to burthen his friends when his lands are engaged, when he hath ſpent all, and left nothing, and when moyen and mony failed him both at once, he could not begge a ſuit: he could not buy an Office, nor he could not get one church benefice gratis: ſuch was the rage of ingratitude. Let this man I ſay, who hath ſpent his time, turn; & ſay with that moſt galant mā, *Awfull regard diſputeth not with Kings, but takes repulſe, and neuer asketh why.* We may ſee what ſtrange paines the worldling takes on him, to be ritch, what inventions, and with what great induſtrie: behold the Merchant what he vndertaketh, to be ritch: what reſtleſſe travailes with great hazard of his life, compaſſing (as it were) the whole earth to flie povertie, and leaues no corner in the worlde vnſought: *Impiger extremos currit mercator ad Indos per Mare Pauperiem fugiens per Saxa per ignes.* Then looke againe on the *Mechanike* or *artiſant*, with rare inventions of his ſpirit: the diligent labourer of the ground, with the ſweate of his bodie, and euerie one by lawfull or vnlawfull meanes wringe their wits, and ſtill travailes to be ritch. Now let vs conſider what it is that ritches will not doe? We may beholde and ſee howe it mendes all deformities, and oft-times transformes Vertue in Vice: firſt, it makes the baſe Poltrone proude, the fooliſh eſteemed wiſe, the ignorant ſtoyick to be preferred. And it makes a Lord or Chiefe Commaunder, to honour a borne Raſcall, and a verie ſlaue by Nature, hee will make him

ſpeake with a covert head, waſh with him, ſit at meat, and eate in his owne diſh, with a flattering eare he will entertaine his diſcourſe, ſomtimes with gravitie, and ſomtimes with ſmiling, as it were to giue a counterfait grace, to the ignorant Aſſe: why will it pleaſe his Lordſhip to doe all this? Becauſe his honour thinkes ſuch men are needefull inſtruments to ingage them ſelues, and become Cationers for the Lords debt. A help to furniſh his houſe, to ſtore his Citchin, and ſtill to lend him money. O but when this poore deceaved ſot, begins to be beggerd, then his Lordſhip preſently decards him, becauſe hee can not ſerue more to make vp a full hundreth. At laſt, this gulld raſcall comes with cap in hand, with low-ſtouping courteſie licking the way with his ſlaviſh knees, and halfe weeping begs his owne; then his Lordſhip becomes deafe, and hath no more *Judas* kiſſes to beſtow on his fooliſh worſhip. What may this man thinke of him ſelfe, and of his deere bought courteſie, the Lord leaned on his ſhoulder, the Lord called him Sir, and ſtill bad him cover his head; the Lord ſet him at his ſide, and dranke healths to him: and now when all is gone, the Lord payes him with a promiſe, and ſo bids him farewell. What will ritches doe more? it will cover villany, invent miſchiefe, and bring forth treaſon, it betrayes beauty, and makes loue mercinarie, it corrupts juſtice, and with damnable deedes damnes the ſoule of mankinde. This deſire of ritches hath made, and ſtill makes many a man to hazard all, there is nothing but the worldling will

will doe for gold, even all in all: This made that heroyick and learned Poet crie out, *Quid non mortalia pectora cogis auri ſacra fames:* What ſhall I ſay to thee who is contented with ſobrietie, and caries truth in thy heart, when thou ſeeſt the great abuſe of ritches, it makes thee deſire no more then is ſufficient to maintaine thee with all, yet for all this, thy good deedes perchance can not purchaſe it: thy Lord or Maiſter enranks thee with the deceaved ſort, and ſo forgets thee! O thou, *had I wiſt* what an excellent plaiſter art thou for the incurable diſeaſe of repentance. What a great griefe is it to the well-deſerving man, who hath a promiſe to be rewarded, and becomes aſhamed to importune his debter? but O, when he ſtands in his ſight, what a loathſome booke, becomes he to defired forgetfulnes, which yeelds naught elſe but flattering ſmiles, and never performd promiſes. Now I ſpeake to the young aſpiring gallant, learne in time to beware at other mens harmes, Provide for age and ſicknes. Looke on the aged Courtiers, who hath ſpent their youth in waiting on, they goe ſcambling like Butchers dogs in Lentron, they are like old cart-horſe, like out-worne hounds, and the very ſcoffe of time. Therfore when thou looks on the *Anatomie* of time, & hath conſidered the ſecrets thereof, O how deere ſhould it be to thee, & how ſhould thou behaue thy ſelfe in this time, to provide for the time to come; if thou be poore, who wil care for thee, ſuppoſe thou art of the moſt rare wit in the world, adorned and made perfit with all the chiefe, & principall gifts of

Nature, enricht & decoird with the aditions of Art, yet for all this, if poverty hant thee, few or none ſhal eſteeme of thee now in thy youth-head; I counſaile thee to thinke well on the time paſt; conſider the time preſent, & haue a care of the time to come.

Fronte Capillata eſt
Sed poſt Occaſio Calua.

SWeet louely flower, in gallant flouriſh faire
Whilſt beautie's pray'd, doth youthfull fields decore,
Take time in time, for time in time is rare,
Onee paſt and gone, it neuer comes no more,
Than take this time, ſo long as it's in ſtore,
And hunt not toyes, to perrill thy eſtate:
Wiſe may thou be, but yet be wiſe before
Thou ſhalt repent, and then it is to late:
Deere friend beleeue, I wiſh thy ſad annoyes,
Times altring Fates may turne them all in joyes.

Learning hath no *Mecænas*, blinde *Auarice* hath baniſhed Charitie, good workes now a-dayes doeth no good, it is only naked faith that ſerues the turne. O happy is that man who can doe for him ſelfe, and puts no truſt in the pinching mercie of great mens liberalitie; for my owne part I ſay:

OThat I might, then ſhould I liue content,
And not complaine on Fortunes worthleſſe worth:
Whats gone let goe, it's I muſt needes repent,
Whilſt ſilence ſad, my ſorrowes ſhall ſet forth:

My

My outward ſhew, can not bewray my hart;
I ſmile, but none can Judge my inward ſmart.

How ſhall I chuſe but pitty the diſtreſſed eſtate of other men, when Memorie calls my owne deere-bought experience to a reckoning, & then revolues the great volumes of Fortunes ſtrange *Enigmatizing Characters*, painted with the ruthleſſe penſil of time, whoſe tragicall Map is ſtill out-ſtretched before my eyes, where I finde all the flouriſh of my fruitleſſe hopes lying Winter-blaſted, and ſcattered with the mercileſſe ſtormes of ingratitude.

Si ingratum dixeris omnia dixeris.

WHilſt I did hazard, for vncertaine toyes
Vaine flatt'ring hope, expeld my preſent feares:
O hapleſſe I, who for momentall joyes
Muſt pay long paine with ſad repenting teares.
This inward griefe my burthened ſoule now beares
With outward ſhew I ſtriue to make it light:
But when the courſe of by-paſt time compeares,
And Tragick-like out-ſpreads before my ſight.
Euen then I giue my rigours rage all right,
With paſſion ſtrange, tranſported here and there,
I ſpend the day and waſt the wearying night,
Imparting plaints vnto the idle aire.
O what remedie, time paſt hath no remorſe,
Then muſt I needes endure this paine perforce.

I thank my God, who with his out-ſtretched armes hath borne me through ſeas, & over land, giving his bleſſed

bleſſed Angell charge of me, who never left me in all my farre and weariſome journeyes, ſo that in every courſe and hazard of my travailes, his eyes of mercie hath ever ſhined on me, and many times hath he delivered me, when deſpairing dangers did threaten my life. All honour and glory be to thee my God, and giue me grace that my experience of time paſt, may governe the time to come. O this is a perrillous time, the time of miſchiefe and miſerie, the latter dayes full of calamitie: now is the age of deceit, when the father doth oppoſe himſelf againſt the ſonne, the ſonne againſt the father, brothers, and ſiſters, and all are at ſtrife, every one labouring how to deceaue his friend, and every one ſeeking how to betray his neighbour, *Bonds, Seales, Obligations, Sureties,* all can not ſerue the turne to maintaine truth: if thou haue to doe with a man of greater worth then thy ſelfe, then be ſure he will minas thee, and ſo pay his debts with threatnings. Wilt thou appeale him before a Judge, with new inuented ſhifts of Law he will out-wearie thee: with briberie he will begger thee, and thou ſhalt never be the better. O thou wicked oppreſſour, and thou falſe and partiall Judge, what ſhalt thou anſwer to the head Juſtice of heaven, when God ſayes by his Prophet *Jeremie, Ego ſum Judex & teſtis,* I am both Judge & witnes. O ſayes the wicked man in his hart, I feare not God, therefore I can not loue him with my ſoule, nor yet can I loue my neighbour, becauſe I envie his good eſtate, and covets his ritches, and would wrack him: ſo I owe no duty to God at all, nor

nor loue to my neighbour, I ſcorne, ſpurne, & treds on the lawes of God. O let me never thinke on that terrible & fearful day of Judgement, nor of the horrible and endles burning paines of hel. I wil altogether forget it, becauſe it will make me deſpare, take away this frivolous word *Religion*, why? becauſe it keeps me from my pleaſures, and doeth impriſon all my fleſhlie liberties. The fooliſh man ſaieth in his heart, *There is no God. He that is vnjuſt, let him be vnjuſt ſtill*, (ſaieth Chriſt) and let the deceiuer be ſtill deceitfull, let him dwell in his abhominations, and triumph in all kinde of wickedneſſe, For behold I come ſhortlie, and *my rewerde is with me to rander euerie man as he doeth deſerue*. The cuſtome of ſinne and continuall vſe, makes ſinne pleaſant, aboundance of impietie, and couldneſſe of Charitie deſtroyes all, and makes many *Atheiſts*. What frutes of Charitie may we beholde in ſundrie Countreyes? naught elſe but the pittifull ſpectacle of *Envy* and *Malice*, *Oppreſſion* and *Bloudſhed*, Juſtice wreiſted with brybrie, the negligence of magiſtrats ſuffring victual and proviſion to parte from our Countrey, leaving derth and famine amongſt vs, the lamētations of the poore is not heard behold the youths and ſcollers going idle, ſome becomes marchants, or els machaniks, learning is held in diſdain, Scoles, Colleges, & Vniverſities are not mentaind, al decaies out of memory. O how may the hart of a true chriſtiā bleid to ſe the lamētable ſight of down-fallen bridges, decayed hoſpitals & ruenus churches, *Nunc ſeges vbi Sion fuit*, through *Holland*, and

Reu. 22. cap.

and in many parts of the *Low Countries*, what great objects of deſtruction, what overthrowe of faire and ritch architectors, what large proſpect of abuſde pollicie? and what deformation is now found in reformation? where ſhall the murtherer be condemned, or the theif receaue the cenſure of his puniſhment? In the Church: where ſhall the Judge heare the oathes of perjurie? In the Church: where ſhall meetings, blockings, buying, and ſelling be? No where but for the moſt part in the Church: *My*
Mat. 21. *houſe* (ſaith Chriſt) *it ſhould be called an houſe of praier, but you haue made it a denne of theues.* And beſides all this, what ſacraledge is committed, and how is the ritches, goods, and lands, (which be proper duety belongs to the Church) how are they deſperſt amongſt the Commons, and keepe it (as it were) in contemp of God, O ſaieth Chriſt, *Giue vnto Cæſar thoſe things which are Cæſars, and giue vnto God thoſe things which belongeth to God.* The greatnes of our ſins hath procured the wrath of God his puniſhment threatens vs, and his judgements are laid before vs, Who can hide himſelfe from Gods anger? Let vs cry out with *Jeremie* the Prophet, *O thou*
Cap. 47. *ſword of the Lord, how long will it be ere thou ceaſe? turne againe into thy ſcalbert, reſt and be ſtill.* But 6, the dulnes of vnderſtanding, and the arrogant ſtrife againſt veritie, makes the hearts of man like *Pharos* hardned, and conſiders not this, our eares are deafe, we heare not, our eies are blinde and ſeeth not his great wonders, Gods diſpleaſure comes by ſinne, and nothing can appeaſe him but repentance. But the

the divell who is prince of this world ſtands like the maſter of a faire lotry, and fooliſh mankinde looks vpon his deceauing vanities; at laſt their ſight being inſnarde, and their heart tempted with his glittering allurements, they hazard their ſoule in hope of gaine. O man, how art thou deceaved, and how many ſtrange wayes ſeekſt thou to come to the kingdome of heauen? Many cryes *Lord, Lord, that ſhall not enter in the Kingdome of our Lord.* Many profeſſes Chriſt, that ſhal never be pertaker of Chriſts glory. What a great conſort of *Antechriſtians* are now deſperſt amongſt *Chriſtians.* Now is the mother of *whoredomes* mounted vpon the ſeven headed beſt, that ten-crownd-hornd Monſter, that oulde Dragon the divell, hath given him his power, and hath giuen the beaſt authoritie, and hath printed on his fore-head the name of *Blaſphemie:* he ſpews, and vomets forth vncleane ſpirits, which are Ambaſſaders to inlarge the kingdome of Sathan, *Babilon* is drunke with the bloude of Saints, and with the bloud of Marters of *Jeſus Chriſt,* the pittifull lamentation of the Church, ſpoken be the Prophet in the perſon of our *Saviour,* ſaying, *Haue ye no regarde all ye that paſſe by this way, behold and ſee, if there be any ſorrow like vnto my ſorrow.* Our long ſuffring GOD at laſt being forſt to ſpeake, *I haue long time* (ſaieth he) *holden my peace, I haue bene ſtill and refrained my ſelfe now will I cry like a trauelling woman, and I ſhall both deſtroy and deuoure at once.* In that day of God's wrath what ſhall the Idoles of the Gentiles helpe thee made of gould and ſilver, the workmanſhip of mans

Mat. 7.

Reuel. cap. 13.

17. *cap.*

Jer. 1. *cap.*

hands, they haue a mouth and ſpeakes not, they haue eies and ſees not, and they haue eares and heares not, ſuch ſenſles ſtocks and ſtones can not helpe thee. The Prophet *David* cryes out, *Similes illis fiant, qui faciunt ea, & omnes qui confidunt in eis*. Let them be lyke vnto Idoles who maketh them, and let them be deafe, dumbe, and blinde, let them be altogether ſenſleſſe who putteth their truſt in them; GOD is a Jelous God, he will not be mocked, nor deceived, he knoweth all them who boweth their knies to *Baall*, and looks on the filthines of them who commits fornication with the *whore* of *Babel*, He hath marked all them that drinks the poyſonus dregs of her abhominations, what anſwere giues the diſſembling *Hypocrite* to this? O ſaieth he, I did it to ſaue my life, my lands, and my poſſeſſions, or to get maintainance to ſuſtaine me. *Mat.* 10. *cap.* O thou faint-hearted coward, thou fearſt that man who hath power to kill the bodie onely, but thou fearſt not God who hath power to kil both ſoule & bodie, and to caſt thee in hels fire. If thou think either ritches, thy wife, or thy children, or thy Countrie, better then *Jeſus Chriſt*, thou art not worthie of him, nor thou ſhalt never be pertaker with him in glorie. Yet thou wilt reaſon farther, and ſay, O, I did it onely in outward ſhew of body, but not with my heart. Now I will aske thee againe, If thou had a wife whom thou loued well, and if thou fand thy wyfe, lying in the boſome of a ſtranger, adulteratting her body? would thou not ſay, O wife thou haſt wronged me, thou haſt violated thy matrimoniall

vowe

vowe before God, the world and me? Then if ſhe ſhould ſay, Dear husband, I haue lent this man onely my bodie, but I keepe my heart to you: What a villanous excuſe wolde this be? Wolde thou not repudeat her, abandon her, and forſake her? Even ſo will our living God doe to thee, he will *ſpew thee out of his mouth, becauſe thou art neither hote nor colde.* And yet for all this, hear the comfortable ſpeech of God his kinde intretie, his vnſpeakable mercie (ſaieth he) *Although the man forſake his wyfe for her adulterie, yet I will not forſake thee: thou haſt played the harlot with many louers, after many ſtrange Gods haſt thou gone aſtray: turne againe to me, ſaith the Lord, I will receaue thee;* & if thou wilt not turn again, what ſaith the Prophet *David, Niſi conuerſi fueritis gladium ſuum vibravit, arcum ſuum tetendit & parauit illū.* If thou convert not, God hath ſharped his ſword, he hath bent his bow, & made it readie. O that it wold pleaſe God to end the diſcord amongſt Chriſtians, & that they would goe againſt the *Turks, Jews* & *Infidels*, either to convert them, or elſe to confound them, *Vt edificentur muri Hieruſalem*, that the walles of *Jeruſalem* may be builded. Theſe are the latter daies wherin we ſtager with the drunknes of ſin, & the dulnes of our vnderſtanding can not reach to this, the hypocrit wil ſigh & grone at a preaching, & be his behavior he will appear to the world to be a reformd man. But ô the villain wil not make reſtitution of wrangous geir, nor wil pay duety for oppreſſion, ſo that the iniquitie of the impious & hypocriticall preſitian leans alwaies to the mercy of God, they never think on his juſtice: O igno-

Reue. 3. *cap.*

Jer. 3. *cap.*

Pſal. 7.

O ignorant foole, is he GOD of mercie, ſo is he GOD of Juſtice, *Vengence is mine* (ſaieth the Lord) *I viſit the ſinnes of the fathers vpon the third and fourth generations.* Want of feare makes the ſinner ſenſles, they builde ſo much on faith, that the pride of their faith makes them faithles: in whom (I ſay againe) ſhall the vpright man truſt when the world is ſo full of deceitfull villany? Beware of that man (ſayeth the *Italian*) who giues thee fairer words then he was wont to giue thee, for he is either minded to deceaue thee, or elſe he hath deceaved thee alreadie, then againe the *Italian* cryes out, *De gli amici mei guarda me Dio, d' gli inimici mei guardro ben io.* And yet for all this, what if a man had *Argus* eies to watch deceit? Yet hee may be deceiued, ſuch is the craft of the ſubtle deceiuer. O thou deceiving Hypocraſie, what an Eie-blinding behaviour? What an externall ſhew of chirping pietie putſt thou on to mask thy damnable deiling? The pride and envy of the heart, covered with out-ward diſſimulation, ſeemes to correct vyce, and ſpit at ſinne, thou walkſt on the ſtreets with a down-caſt look to Hell; thy modeſt apparell is the onely coverture of *Gluttonie*, *Ambition* and *Venery*, this is the true garment of civilitie, thy common and ſmooth ſpeaches, is all compunde with borrowed ſcriptures, thy be *yea* and *na* is no ſwearing, but both croſt and curſt is he who beleeues thee, *Quoniam non eſt in ore eorum veritas.* How brauelie doeth S. *Peter* paint ſuch men in their owne collours when he ſaieth, *Through couetouſnes ſhall they with fained words, make mar-*

Deut. cap. 32. Exod. cap. 20.

2. Epiſt. 2. cap.

marchandries of you, their judgement is not far off, and their damnation ſleepeth not. And againe, heare what our Saviour cries out, *O generation of Vipers, how can you ſpeake goode things, when you are euill your ſelues.* Thou art a fighing *nulla-fidian* brother, who is not aſhamed to call thy ſelfe a brother in Chriſt, ſigh & ſob forth thy villanie, and be dambd. How many (and wondrous) damned ſectes and opinions are ſpred on the face of the earth, and every one to affirme their owne erraeſie, will lay hand on Scripture, wreſting the word of GOD to be a warant to their dreaming inventions. O thou *Religion* how art thou changed? And with what ſtrange and divers collours art thou painted with? How is thy face diſfigurd, and thy apperrell polluted? And with ingrate wormes of the Earth, how art thou tranſformde? How can the ſimple ſoule knowe thee? Or to what hand ſhall he turne to, when ſo many contrare opinions are at ſuch a miſerable ſtrife? It is onely to the humble heart that the treuth is manifeſted, and the true paſſage of Heaven is diſcovered, becauſe *Jeſus Chriſt* hath placed his *Tabernacle* in the Soone, and he hath builded his Church like a great Cittie on the top of a Mountaine, blind *Arrogance* can not (nor will not) ſee it. Our Saviour, hath bought it with no leſſe price, then the price of himſelf, he hath made it a glorious Church without ſpot or wrinkle, hauing no blame at all. Let Hereticks bark, and helliſh ſpirits rage againſt the truth, what then? *Et porti inferi non prevalebunt.* Let deteſtable errors, and all the authors of ſects, let all ſuch

2. *Cor.* 4. *cap.*

Eſay. 2. *cap.* *Mat.* 5. *Eph.* 5. *cap.*

ſuch vipers, (I ſay) turne their infectious ſtings in their owne boſomes, *Sed veſtrum quis baſiliſcus erit*, woe be vnto you adulterers of Gods word, and

Mat. 23. *cap.* *woe be vnto you, who ſhutz vp the kingdome of heauen before men, for you your ſelues will not enter, nor will ye ſuffer them to enter who willinglie wolde enter. O ſerpents the generation of Vipers, how can ye eſcape the damnation of Hell. Dira tibi cum ſis vt Cham, execratio certa eſt, nam matrem rides, riſit ut ille patrem.*

Mat. 7. *cap.* Ye ſhall knowe them be their frutes of vain-*glorie, pryde, emulation, ſedition, contention,* and vndantoned *luſt* of the fleſh. And more then all this, you ſhall knowe them by vnpardonable ſinnes againſt the *Holie Ghoſt*, to wit, *Impugnatio veritatis, inuidentia fraternæ, gratiæ, preſumptio, impenitentia, obſtinatio, & diſperatio.*

Mat. 12. *cap.* The haynous blaſphemie againſt the *holy Ghoſt* ſhall never be forgiuen in this world, nor in the world to come, *For their vine is of the vine of Sodome and Gomorach, their grapes are of gall, their cluſters are moſt bitter, their vines are the poyſon of Dragons, and of the cruell gall of Cockatriſes.*

Deu. 32. *cap.* O thou man of God, I requeſt thee to ſay with the Prophet *David, Judica me Deus, & decerne cauſam meam, de gente non ſancta ab homine iniquo & doloſo erue me Deus.* Let wiſdome furniſh the patience, to contrare-poyſon the contagious teeth of ſuch mad dogs in theſe *Canicular dayes*, what deteſtable a thing is it, to ſee and heare a fraternitie of obſtinat ignorants, barking (amongſt themſelues, at their owne errors, to ſpoyle ſcripture, wrong *Religion*, and pratle of divinitie, ſtil arrogant and euer ſcorning to be cenſurde with the more

more auncient and grauer judgements. It is no wonder, but the wonder of this (wondrous error) ſhould make the hearers amaſd. Who would not ſmyle at the geſture of a young *Philoſophical* fellow (who in his youth-heid hes bene anointed with *Oleum Philoſophorum*) to hear him in his tedeus talk of Jugling ſopheſtry, in ſuperfluous circumlocutions, in his far-fetched exemples, in baſe applications, & in a never-ending diſcourſe, ſeemeth to himſelfe a moſt rare ſcoller by art, & then by nature he proues not elſe but a redicolus foole; theſe are they whom the Apoſtle S. *Paul* bids you beware of, *that their vain deceiuing Philoſophy corrupt you not, which are not elſe but the traditions of men.* Let al men of a ſoled vnderſtanding allow the *Spaniſh* Proverb, *A palabras locas orejas ſurdas, y que a mucho hablar, mucho errar*, The *Charleton* or as the Dutch-man cals him, the *Quick-ſiluer*. This cogging raskall will ſtand vpon a Market place, and there with a boulde erre-cted face, he will beginne and tell of many inuented miracles, how his Oyles and Waters hath done ſuch rare wonders in reſtoring health to the diſeaſed perſons, in curing (as it were) incurable wounds, and preſentlie he will produce ſome fained Charter ſeald with walx to approue his villanie, and be this meanes he perſwades poore ignorants to buye his poyſoning drogs. This is he who will vndertake to mend any thing what-ſom-ever. The *Mũtebanky* in *Italie* are not ſo full of deceit, but I grant in their ſubtle villanies, they goe farre beyond them, yet they are leſſe hurtefull to their

Coloſ. 2. cap.

auditors, and are more merry with leſſe offence, yet I will not purge them of knavery. Who is a more ſelfe-deceiving foole in wiſedome? or who is a greater Aſſe? then a Prognoſtication-maker, who ſaieth, that the Conjectures, which they haue is founded vpon probabylities, and not vpon abſolut neceſſities, & ſo conſequētly, the moſt perfite *Prognoſticators* ſomtimes muſt erre; but why may not ane *Aſtronomicall* villaine, joynd with a dreaming *Aſtrologitian* villan, make and invent leiſings, it is they who will take vpon them to tell whats to come, and ſeeke to prejudge God of his glorie, it is they who wil tell the alterations of time, the change of weather, and in what eſtate a mans bodie ſhall be in, for that yeare into come. I thinke ſuch *Fortun-tellers* or ſuch *Ægiptian-palmiſters*, when they ſet downe ſuch *Phyſicall* rules to a man or womans bodie, ſhould be prejuditiall to the wiſe *Phyſitian*, becauſe he leives him nothing to ſay, ſeeing he in his *Mathematicall* humor circumvolves the Heavens, and ſo audatiouſlie intrudes himſelfe in the ſecretes of the Omnipotent GOD. But as for you ignorant *Medicenars*, I thinke you are not much prejudged, becauſe your opinion is doubtſome, your judgement is voyde of vnderſtanding, and your experience is naught elſe but meere poyſon. And I ſay vnto you with learned *Antonie d' Guevara, Medeſyns de Valance, longues robes & peu de ſciance.* But you whom I honour and reverence, that you may rather allow (I meane you who feares GOD) and whoſe vnderſtanding is

is great) I hope (ye, I ſay) will excuſe me to raile vpon the abuſe of this rare and wonderfull Scyence. The Booke of GOD ſayeth, *Honour the Phyſitian with that honour which is dewe vnto him, becauſe of neceſſitie, for the Lord hath created him.* Then I will ſpeake againſt ſuch phantaſtick fellowes, which I haue ſeen heere in this Iſle of *Britaine*, and in many other forraine Countries (where I haue travelled) profeſſe the Art of *Medicine*, and produce their great Charters, and Patents, ſealde and ſubſcrived where they haue bene made Doctors, and then they are noght elſe but the very abuſers of *Phyſick*; what a deriſion is it, to heare & ſee *Domine Doctor* diſcourſe with a borrowed Countenance, and commonly at meat over the table, without reſpect of perſons? O ſaith he, you muſt not eate of this, it offends the ſtomack; ſuch and ſuch is reſtoratiue, and this againe breeds conſtipation, this is laxatiue, this breakes winde, and expels the Collick, and this is your onely meat for confirmde ſtones, it purges the raines, and diſſolues quickly, O what a ſcurvy diſcourſe is this for the ears of a cheſt and ſkunring-hearted Ladie? and cheefly at meat to talk of confirmde ſtones, purging of raines, and diſſolving quickly. Fy vpon it, I thinke it ſhould not be ſuffred, & yet for the faſhions ſake, my Lord *Doctor* will not ſpare to produce ſome place of *Gallein* to make his leyſings good and currant. Then beginneth he to frame a large Comenter vpon a borrowed text, interluding ſuch a long Parentheſis, till at laſt his haulting ſpeeches makes him altogether

Eccl. 38. *cap.*

forget the origenall of his former ſubject. O how will he heſitat when his long diſcourſe beginnes to challenge memory, then obruptly will he change purpoſe not vnlike a bloud-hound which hath loſt his ſent. Woe be to poore patients comes vnder the Cure of ſuch ignorants, who ſcarce can deſcerne a docken leafe from *Tobacco*. And yet he will ſay, that he is a rare herbeſt, how oft he viſits the ſick, as oft muſt he viſit gould, or elſe his viſitation is ſtark naught: When he feeleth the punſes of any diſeaſed perſon, O ſaieth he, it is an *Ague*, a raging fever, houlde you warme, keepe your ſelfe quiet, let no bodie moleſt you, I will come againe, and ſee your water: Then the next time he comes with a conſort of Cut-throts like himſelfe, and after many whiſpering doubts, they call the *Apotechar*, and giues him a *Recepie* of I knowe not what, which poyſones the poore diſtreſſed patient, and ſo ſends him to his everlaſting home. Then doeth their ignorance lay the fault on God, or elſe on the poore Patient, ſaying, he would not be reuld, nor commanded, he would not obey their precepts; and they make the man or the woman author of their owne death. When the Painter is asked why he left his trade of painting to become a Doctor of Phyſick. O ſaid he, when I was a Painter, all the world ſaw my errors, but now being a Doctor of Phyſick, I make the earth to burie my wrongs, they ſeeke forth the life and ritches of mankinde. Well may ſuch ignorants be calde, the Officers of death, for the life of mankinde, is the tryell of their drinks,

and

and with their poyſning drogs, they furniſh graues, and feeds wormes. When the Patient is dead, the Doctor muſt be payde for all his viſitations, the Apotechar for his drogs, the Barber for his *Inſitions*, *Fumetings*, *Vnguents*, *Cataplaſms*, *Emplaſterings*, *Balmes*, and mollefying *Ceir-cloaths*, this muſt all be payed and much more. Whats worſe? None except it be *Charlytons*, Brokers, and Vſurars, fleſh-flees, that ſtill gnawes vpon gald backs, bloud-ſuckers, & a contagious peſt to a cōmon-wealth. Why ſhould not ſuch devoring gulfs be diſcovered? and why ſhould not ſuch hulcerous phiſters be bard and tented, & Rogry ſtriped naked? who ſhould not vnmask the worlds ſhedowed villanie? The beggerly inventiō of a ſubtle *Pandros*, the exploits & tricks of a mercenary *whore*, the fals reckoning hoſt, the marchants perjurie, and the Lawyers deceit; but O I doe not meane be that Lawyer whoſe conſcience and ſoule is not ſpotted with murthering brybrie, who hath compaſſion on the poore complainour, and taketh the tears of the diſtreſſed widow for good paymēt: No, I meane be a *Janus-headed Lawyer* who hath one face to his Clyant, & another to the Compeditor, whoſe ever-gaiping hand muſt ſtill be anoynted in the Palme with the holie ounction of Gould, who muſt be courted like a whore with the ſight of Angels, ſtrange peeces of gould, and purſe-pennies. Woe be to many heart-tortred Clyants, whoſe right dependes vpon the defence of an avaritious Lawyer. It is ſuch poore ſoules who hath their ever-warſling mindes intrecated in a Laborinth

borinth of woes, circumveind with innumerable faſheries, and ſtill deceived with delayes.

Patientia pauperum non peribit in finem.

Therefore, O man, arme thy ſelfe with Patience in this miſerable time, and couragiouſlie fight it out; for ſo long as thou art heer into this little progreſſe of thy lyfe, great is thy battell, and many are thy miſeries which doeth oppoſe themſelues againſt thee; like vnto the reſtleſſe motion of the ſea, one trouble being gone, another followes. Many ſorrowes, and few pleaſures, when we expect joy, then comes greefe, every one hath their owne croſſe, ſome les, ſome more. As poverty to an honeſt heart brings miſery, greef of minde, & melancholy, becauſe he conceals his want, and can not practiſe ſhameles ſhifts to perrell honeſty, ficknes, & many a languiſhing diſeaſe, which is lade before mankinde. *Oppreſſion*, when thy betters doeth abuſe thee, taks thy wealth, & thy lands, puts the widow and the fatherles to begry. *Loſe of friends*, when they who ſhuld help thee are gone, & hes no body to comfort thee in thy deſtres. *Ship-wrack* when thy ſubſtance is loſt by ſea, & thy life indangered. *Baniſhment*, when thou in a ſtrange country, becomes a poore ſtranger, far from thy own ſoyle, thou liueſt an out-caſt, and thy enemies injoyes thy ritches at home. *Priſon*, when the croſſe of rancountring miſfortunes, doth impriſon many a man within a Jaill, or caſts him in chaines within a Galies, triumpht over with Raskals (and as it were) the very reſting

place

place of all wrongs, when a gentle heart is forſt to harbor patience; and when revenge in a gallant breaſt turns coward, O this earthly hell, which hes no other Muſick, but locking of doores, the noiſe of irons and chains, the heavy complaint of diſtreſſed priſoners, lockt with bonds in miſery, conſuming in ſtink and filthines. This ſaid the Apoſtle S. *Paul, Remember them that are in bonds, as if ye wer in bonds with them*, ſo that every one aught by charitable works to haue compaſſion on the poore diſtreſſed priſoners. Saith not the Prophet *Dauid* with great grief of hart *Let the ſighing of the priſoners come before thee O Lord:* as though he wold ſay, O Lord God, conſider the great anguiſh of their hearts, take mercy on them, and releue their wants, how heavy and comfortles is this grievous cros. Some again are croſt with loſe of *honor*, when a man either falles in diſgrace, and commits ſome baſe and filthy fact, or when he ſuffers wrong, and can not repare himſelf, the croſſe of mariage where there is no peace, quietnes, nor reſt, voyde of all contentment, and ever barking, and ſo makes the devill ſmyl at their diſſention. And what can be ſaid to the croſſe of idle loue, which hangs on the ſhoulders of all ſortes of people, as well maried as vnmaried. In this Frenaſy many ould dotardes beginnes to renue their declyning age, and takes vpon them the apprehenſion of youthheid, whilſt their gray haires, and hairles heads, reckones vp their yeares, and telles the worlde their folly, *Turpe ſenilis amor*, it is more tolkerable in youth, ſo that it be not ſuperſtitious loue; as

as ſometimes to faſt from meate and drink, watching the nights, and ſending their lamentations written with bloudie letters, railling on crueltie; and being alone in their retearing walks, they ſurfat the ſolitarie deſerts with the ſorrowful voice of a diſcontented minde, with weeping eies in ſplaine of paſſion, O ſaieth he,

THe furious force of loues conſuming fire,
No tyme can quench, nor thoght can not expell:
Such is the reſtles rage of my deſire,
Which makes my wits within my ſelfe rebell:
Thus am I wrongd, and euer ſaikles ſlaine,
I ſhift my place, but can not ſhift my paine.

They ever eſteeme their paines worſe then the paines of hell, ſuch are the ſort of penetential lovers, who are alwaies *Anatomiſd* with humorous follie, & yet how often comes it to paſſe, that they who taks moſt pains to pleaſe, are moſt diſpleaſd, for it is knowne be vnfallable experience, that the duetifull lover in a reſpected perſute, is often rejected with many ingratfull diſdains. For ſome they are which are Monſters in the womaniſh ſex, will hate that man moſt, who loues her beſt, and yeeld her ſelf to a cowardly pultron of no deſert. And againe, we may evidently ſee, how ſome men of a curriſh & maſtiſh kinde, will be moſt careleſſe of that woman who is moſt carefull of him. Such are the vnthankfull diſcords and interviewing controverſies, of this frivolous thing which the world calleth *Blinde-loue*, it is not the ritch apparell, nor the rare bewtie, nor

nor the art of curious engines, nor yet is it the gorgeous geſture of a glorious woman, which makes the woman: it is the good education, which brings forth good qualities, & it is the vertue of the mind, which doeth produce diſcretion, makes the woman a perfit woman; and that man, may truly be called a perfit man, who makes wiſedome the vnſeperable companion of valour, whoſe liberall minde aymes at honour, and whoſe couragious heart treads on feare to conques *fame*. O it is not the externall ſhew of a *Peacocks* pride, who with the geſture of his painted plumes, ſeemes to threaten Kingdomes: it is not the man of perſonage, nor the robuſt nature, neither is it the quantitie, but onely the qualitie doth the turne. A woman may ſeeme very coy in braue attire, with a faire face, and yet a *whore*: a man may be cloathed in fine cloathes, he may be very ſtrong of body, of a great ſtature, and he may in a feareleſſe *humor* diſcourſe of valour, but when it comes to the puſh of *Fortune*, he may proue naught elſe but a faint-hearted-coward, a turne-back to courage, and a runne-away from *honour*. What a world of vanity is it to ſee a painted fellow, that can doe nothing elſe but court a woman, how effeminate will he be, and how prodigall will the tongue be to lend vowes to the hart:

Nec jura retine, veneris perjuria venti
Irrita per terras & freta longa ferunt.

How perrillous is it to beleeue a Lover, how tempting will their words be, and how will they ſtraine them ſelues to ſpeake with vehemencie. *Lady Re-*

thorick ever hants the mouth of a Lover, and with borrowed ſpeeches of braver wits, doeth enlarge their deceit, his perjured promiſes, his oathes, his vowes, his proteſtations, his waiting-on, and all his *iron* ſences drawen to feed vpon the actractiue humors of her Adamantall beautie; as when the ſong or liſping ſpeech of a *Syranicall* wench doth enchaunt his *eares*, the feeling of her too-much tempting fleſh doth intangle his *touch*, her perfumed breath doth ſweeten his *ſmell*, the nectar of her laſcivious kiſſing giues delicacie to his *taſte*, and her petulant beautie feedes his *ſight*; her ſmile is his heaven, & her frown is his hell; ſhe is the only idoll of his minde, for when he ſhould ſerue God, he worſhips her, if hee comes to Church, his looking on her behaviour takes away his hearing, robs him of devotion, and makes him a ſenceleſſe blocke; with ſtaring in her face, hee learnes the Arte of *Phiſiognomie*, his vaine apprehentions will reade a womans thought in her viſage, and when hee lookes on her hands, O then hee becomes a rare Palmiſter, for hee will not ſpare to reade her fortunes by lynes, for heere (ſayes hee) is the true ſcore of death, and there goes the ſcore of life, from this part comes the venerian ſcore, and if this cloſe with that, ye may be aſſured to looſe your Mayden-head: it is onely this makes the too-much beleeving wenches deſpaire of their virginitie, his braines are tormented with new inventions, fancie leades him to a frenſie, next *lunaticke*, and if hee eſcape madneſſe itſelfe,

ſelfe, hee may thanke GOD. Hee ſpendes the time in his Chamber, with no other thing but with a great Looking-glaſſe, how to take off his Hatt, how to make his geſture, and in a diſcourſe how to frame the motion of his hands, to kiſſe his finger, to make courteſie with his legge, to ſet his arme, to ſmile, to looke aſide, to walke, and then hee ſtands gazing on the full proportion of his owne bodie, which I ſweare is not elſe but the verie true image of ſuperſtitious vanitie. When the Miſtreſſe of his deſires beholdes the Lovers dilligent attendance, then to keepe the Lover ſtill proude in a ſlaviſh ſervice, often times ſhee will in a willing ſloathfulneſſe, make her Glove or anie ſuch thing fall, that hee ſtouping may attaine to that looked-for-honour, to kiſſe what hee takes vp, and ſo receaue a ſmile for his officious *humour*: Hee will entertaine her dogge, keepe her Fanne, call to light Torches, holde vp the Tapeſtrie, bring the Coach, and with a loude voyce hee will call, to make way for my Lady; to make vowes, weare favours, and doe peunance, they are the true follies of idle loue, but once beeing cooled of that hote and lunaticke frenzie, O howe will hee then bluſh at his owne folly, when hee beginnes to examine his wits, and conſiders with him ſelfe how farre hee hath gone aſtray. But what can be ſaide to ſuch who wants grace to make a retreat, but ſtill dwels in that endleſſe miſerie, they never wearie, but thinkes all ſlaviſh paines pleaſure, ſome by

night with muſick, ſome with walking in her ſight, ſome with gifts, ſongs, letters, and convoyes, every one by degree doeth pouſe his Fortune, and every one by degrees counterfets their betters. I often ſmiled to ſee a Pandorly-fuſtian-Raſcall, lead a mercinarie-Perpetuana-drab, there is nothing invented and put in practiſe by higher eſtates, but the baſer ſort doe ſtill ſtriue to imitate, and chiefly in apparrell. It is moſt true that a man is to be commended, if he be cleanly, and chiefly in his linings, his haire well dreſſed, his beard well bruſhed, and alwayes his vpper lip well curled, with an freſado vp-ſtart, as if every haire would threaten to pull out his eyes, for if he chance to kiſſe a Gentlewoman, ſome rebellious haire may happen to ſtartle in her noſe, and make her ſneeſe, ſo by this meanes, he applies both phiſick & courteſie at one time, then he may freely ſay, God bleſſe you Lady; receaving back the chirping Eccho of *I thenk you ſir*. But looke againe on the other part of ſnotty noſd Gentlemen, with their drouping muſtaches covering their mouth, and becomes a harbroy to meldrops, and a ſucking ſponge to al the watery diſtillations of the head, he will not ſpare but drinke with any bodie whatſoever, and after hee hath waſhed his filthie beard in the cup, and drawing out dropping, he wil ſuck the haire ſo hartily with his vnder lip. I aske at Civility, if ſuch a poyſonnous ſup can be wholſome? or if the kiſſe of ſuch a ſlavering mouth be ſweet? Farre may ſuch beaſtly filthineſſe be from handſome and perfit men, who ſtil attends vpon the handy

handy labour of pittifull Ladies, if a Lady be a perfit woman indeede, and ſtill aymes at honeſtie: what although ſhe hit not the marke of gentilitie? yet the pendicles of her deſires ſhould be cleanly: as ſhe her ſelfe is moſt daintie, neate, pollite, and fine in all things, and cheifly in her ſleeping chamber, to ſee the whitenes of her linings, the cleanlineſſe of her night-cloathes, her chamber-pot filled with ſweet flowers (to ſtay the ſtur of water) her perfumed odours, ſweet-waſhing-balls, Pomanders, ſundry ſorts of ſmelling waters, fannes, hatts, feathers, glaſſes, combs, brouches, ruffes, falling-bands, red and white face-colours, ſcarfes, vardingales, artifitiall locks of curled haire, with vp-ſtanding-friſadoes, their ſmoothing-skin-clouts, night-ſmocks, muffels, maskes, petticotes, waiſtcoates, gownes, picadels, attires, chaines, carkats, caſes, coffers, boxes, and many things more, that if a man intrude him ſelfe in a Ladies bed-chamber, & look vpon every thing about him, he ſhal think him ſelfe to be no elſe where, but in an evil deformed ſhop of Merchandiſe. But on the other part, looke vpon filthineſſe it ſelfe, when ſome women in a ſluttiſh eſtate, hath their bed-chamber like a ſwines-ſtie, ill-favoured (and vnſcoured) Piſpot, their combs and bruſhes, full of looſe haire and filth, their foule ſmocks ill laid-vp, their knotty phlegme and ſpetting on the walls and floore, the black and ſlaverie circle on their lips, ſweating, ſmoaking, and broathing in their vncleane-ſheetes, that if any would hold their head within the bed, I thinke the ſtrong

ſmell were an excellent preſervatiue againſt the Peſt, and none like it, except it be the jumbling of a Jakes, or of a Cloſe-ſtoole: for it is a true Maxeme, that the force of ſuch odious and hatefull ſmells, doth occupie the ſence, and holdes out the peſtiferous aire of the Plague; GOD forbid, but the beaſtly filthineſſe of ſome women, ſhould make the delicate and fine faſhions of other women (who are civill and honeſt) appeare pleaſant. And even ſo, why ſhould not the graue and good life of a diſcreete woman (who feares GOD) make the filthie faſhions of an harlot (whoſe actions are moſt abhominable) appeare loathſome to the world? and ſtill to be diſdained and hated of all honeſt Matrones. What a monſtrous thing is it, when a ſhameleſſe woman caries the jewell of *impudencie* on her fore-head, giving her boldneſſe to exploit any thing, and to execute all her filthie actions without anie reguard: Farre be it from mee to crie out againſt the modeſt Matrone, the chaſte Widowe, or yet to miſconſter the civill behaviour of an honeſt Virgine, whoſe education is true Vertue, who reſolues conſtantlie, and performes wiſely, and whoſe doubtſome actions, are all mixtured with feare, and accompanied with a Virgine bluſh, in everie thing diſcreete, a graue geſture, a ſpotleſſe ſpeech, a moderate ſmile, and a chaſte minde, and whoſe thoughts are not polluted with leacherous exploites: Such ſort of women are to be valued at a high price, they are of great worth, and moſt worthie

worthie to be honoured and eſteemed of by all men, when vilde and brutiſh women (that is robbed of all vertue, and loaden with vice) makes the tranſparent perfection of a good woman ſeeme glorious to the ſecret ſight of God, and to the outward ſhew of the world: ſo I do what I can to imitate the skild Painter, who makes a darke ſhadow, giue a bright luſter (& an ſhining life) to his vpright colours. Why ſhould not filthie kennels avoyde the corrupted excraments of Nature from faire ſtreetes? And why ſhould I not ſtriue to make an honeſt behaviour, ſpurne at a ſhameleſſe geſture? and I doe not doubt but the wiſer ſort will ſpurne at the increaſe of ſuch ſuperſtitious vanities that are in this preſent age, and the great aboundance of idle, ſtrange, and new invented toyes: as when ſome women deckes and trimmes themſelues of purpoſe to tempt the eyes of man. And ſetting forth their wantonneſſe (which is compounded of all kinde of farre-fetched faſhions) that everie one may reade in their apparrell, as it were in a Cart, the deſcription of all forraine Countries, with ſuch new additions of Art, as ſeemes in dumbe ſhewes, to ſay, *What lacke you Gentlemen.* This ſort of women doe not follow the commaund of Saint *Paul, That a woman ſhould be arrayed in comely apparrell, with ſhamefaſtneſſe and modeſtie:* And what ſayes the Prophet *Iſaiah, The daughters of Sion are haughtie, and walke with ſtretched out necks, and with wandring eyes, walking and minſing as they goe, making a tinkling with their feet.* And what ſayes

1. *Timo.* 2 *cap.* 3 *Cap.*

5. *Cap.* ſayes he more, *Woe be vnto them, that draw iniquitie with the cords of vanitie*, And are not theſe things the true cords of vanitie, which drawes both man and women to eternall deſtruction: Our Saviour affirmes it, ſaying: *Whoſoeuer looketh on a woman to*
5. *Math.* *luſt after her, hath cõmitted adulterie with her in his hart.*
5. *Cap.* And for all this, how often falls men vpon the ſtumbling blocks of iniquitie: the wiſe man ſayes, *Stumble not at the beautie of a woman, beware of all her inſnaring-engines, for they are many and very tempting.*

CAn not thy eyes, the eyes of man command:
Hath not thy face ſufficient force to kill,
But that thou muſt vngloue thy iuorie hand,
Whoſe beautie robs proud Cupid *of his skill:*
So with thy hand thou ſhootes Cupidoes darts,
And ſhootes at naught but at poore Lovers harts.

But how can that man eſchew, ſuch fleſhly temptations, who makes their companie his *ſummum bonum*, when all his felicity is placed vpon their dauncing, finging, ſpeaking, playing, and with ſweet and ſerious notes (moving her fingers vpon a *Violl d' Gambo*) enchants his eares, and allures his ſight.
6. *Cap.* *Can a man* (ſayes *Salomon*) *take fire in his boſome, and his cloathes not be burnt*, As he would ſay, can a man hant the companie of wanton women, and not be allured with their laſcivious ſtratagems, when a man beholds their legges cloathed with ſilke ſtockins, ritch garters, fine pearled and well wrought ſmocks. Such *Hermophradites*, ſuch pretty tempting inſtru-

inſtruments with tenne thouſand more artificiall tricks, which doeth enrage the luſtfull man, and makes him,

Fremitando come vno Stallone, che à veduta la Caualla.

SOme *Martiall men bewitch'd with beautie rare,*
Are intricate in Laborinths of Loue:
And forc'd to trie in fancies flatt'ring ſnare,
What ſweet-mixt-ſowre or pleaſing paines can proue.

Then Nymph-like-ſhe with ſtrange inticing looke
Doth ſo enchant the gallant minded men,
The bayte ſtill hides the poyſon of the hooke
Till they be faſt, and thus betray'd, what then?

Poore captiue ſlaues in bondage proſtrate lies,
Yeelding vnto her mercie-wanting-will:
She in diſdaine ſcornes all their carefull-cries,
And Circes-*like triumphes in learned skill.*

With ambling trips of beauties gorgeous grace,
Aurora-*like in firie colours clad,*
And with bright reflex of her faireſt face,
She tempting goes with brainſick humors lad.

Fearing that if ſhe ſhould but looke below,
Then Beames would from her burning eyes deſcend
On Iuorie *breſt, proud ſwelling hils of ſnow*
Would melt, conſume, and all their beauty ſpend.

And ſo ſhe lets her curled lockes downe fall,
Which doe allure the gentle cooling winde
To come and play, ſtill wrapping vp in thrall
Chaines of her haire, fond Louers hearts to binde.

Beautie in prime adorn'd doth feede the ſight
From crimſon lips ſweet Nectars *guſt forth flowes*
Odours perfumes the breath, not Natures *right*
White Iuorie hands a ſacred touch beſtowes.

And when thoſe pearle of Orientall-rankes
With treaſure rich of tempting ſound deuides
From two bright daintie mouing-corall-bankes
In-circkled eares calme ſmoothing ſpeeches ſlides.

Each ſenceleſſe ſence on doting pleaſure faſt
Doth in a careleſſe Regiſter inroule:
Wiſhing that courſe of ſwift-wing'd Time *to laſt,*
Which ſpots the ſpotleſſe ſubſtance of the ſoule.

But oh behold, Nature *in mourning weede*
Weepes to be wrong'd with ſuperſtitious Art,
For what can braines of rare inuention breede?
Or what's vnſought which pleaſure may impart?

The ſharpeſt wit whoſe quicke deceauing ſtill
Makes reſtleſſe muſing of their minde to trie
Vaine trifling ſnares, mixtur'd with Magicks skill,
So Art adds that which Nature *doth denie.*

And

And thus much more ſweet Syrens *ſongs ſhe ſounds,*
To charme, conjure, and tempt his liſtning eare:
Oh, then the poore Captiued wretch abounds
In peruerſe vowes, and monſtrous oathes to ſweare.

By furious force of Fancie more than mad,
With fond deſire in reſtleſſe courſe he hunts:
Blinde Loue can not diſcerne the good from bad,
When on the eye-plum'd tayle of pride it mounts.

The curious minde makes choiſe of good or ill,
Then ſcales the Fort of his Engine to clym
Aboue the top of Art exceeding skill,
Perfect in that predominates in him.

Drunke with the wonders of a worthleſſe worth,
From proſpect of a looking-glaſſe he takes
Strange Apiſh trickes to ſet his folly forth,
Mock'd with the geſture that his ſhadow makes.

When fooliſh feates no waies will ſerue his turne,
All hope is drown'd in deſpaires groundleſſe deepe:
In reſtleſſe bed (he martir'd man) muſt mourne,
Thoughts, ſighes, and teares admit no kind of ſleepe.

Thus layes the Conqueſt Conquerour of fields
On his hurt heart he caries Cupids *skarre.*
The ſcruvie fainting Coward baſely yields
To idle Loue the enemie of warre.

Now Trumpets ſound, braue Martiall muſick turnes
To fidling noiſe, or elſe ſome am'rous ſong,
That glorious Fame her wings of worth now burnes,
When golden youth in prime muſt ſuffer wrong.

Thus gallant ſprights doe quinteſence their wits,
Spending the rare invention of their braines
On idle toyes, at which high honor ſpits,
Nor memoriz'd memorials remaines.

IS it not ſaid? that faire windowes, laſcivious lookes, curled locks, the diſcovered mountaines of the moving breaſt, often croſſing of ſtreetes, and the hanting of aſſemblies, are the true harbingers, and fore-runners of *venarie*. A leacherous bed, is commonly decored with all kinde of allurements, for the better execution of vulgar actions, and the ſecret diſcharge of *Venus* laſcivious miſteries, painted with the true colours of *Ouids* works, as the diſguiſing of naked Gods, and *Venus* dallying with *Adonis, Tarquin* at ſtrife with *Lucrece, Hero* ſporting with *Leander*, and ſuch other wanton Objects with prettie conceites, to encourage the vnwilling, and to warme the cold humor of froſtie deſires: beſides all this, the ſheetes muſt be perfumed, and ſundry fine drying cloathes, ſome well furniſhd glaſſes of delicate reviving liquors, to giue a new life, and to make a more ſwift reſurrection to the fatigated creatures. The often change & mixtures of many ſundry natures, doth hinder the propagation and iſſue of children, and ſo reguardleſſe women by this

this meanes giues luſt free libertie, ſo to the eyes of the world, with ſimple denials they liue long honeſt. There is nothing more profitable to a Tavern, then well-skilled (and pretty wenches) it makes the wine to haue an excellent guſt, it covers the imperfections of the houſe, and giues a Curtaine to all kinde of corruption. To mercenarie women all ſorts of men are welcome, the Clowne as well as the Courtier, the Raſcall, the Gentleman, the Boy as well as the Maiſter, it is onely gold and gifts makes choiſe, if they conceaue with childe, what then? ſome women feareleſſe of Gods heavie wrath, will take drinks to deſtroy her conception, and ſo commits a murther againſt Nature: and what's more againſt Nature, then that abhominable ſinne of *Sodomie?* O what filthy and ſtrange inventions hath mankinde, to ſloken the fierie luſt of the fleſh? but beholde what is the end of all ſuch filthineſſe, ſuch beaſtly luſt, worſe then beaſtly, becauſe the brute beaſts keepes the rule and direction of Nature, & they againſt Nature hath no appointed time in particular, but takes their time in all maner of times. And I ſay againe, what is the end of this abhomination? and what reward hath God prepared for ſuch wilde creatures, *Gli ſcandali, gli homicidi, la pregione, le crapuli, gli morbi, e le beſtemmie, ſono la legitima prole del putaniſmo*, They are the true children of whoring, & the true off-ſpring of filthy luſt: the tormented *Italian* lying martired, cries out, *Donna ma fatto, e donna ma diſfatto.* Who ſhould pittie ſuch ſort of miſerable Caitiues?

Non ſi doglia d' altrui, non ſi lamenti,
Chi da cagion, ai ſui propi tormenti:

That honeſt and vniverſall woman, Miſtres *Werolle* gaue a generall command, that Mounſieur *Camuis* ſhould by no meanes brangell his joynts, nor yet play at *Jaktaleg:* Is it not ſaid, that fire, water, and women, are the three greateſt daungers in this world. The old and learned Father giving his opinion of the luſtfull perſon, and what harme it brings with it, he ſayes, *Luxuria ſenſum hebetat, confundit intellectum, memoriam obdurat, euacuat ſenſum, obnubilat viſum, reddit hominem pallidum ac fœdum, ſenectutem inducit, mortem denique maturat.* All theſe miſerable things are the true revenewes of leacherie, when vaniſhing beautie begins to decay, and then lookes in a Mirror, then it ſhall ſee the ſtrange ruines of time, the wrinkled impreſſion of vnwelcome age, which blinde vanitie never did looke for: they ſhall beholde their eyes ſunke in their head, and their face all disfigured. Let the moſt beautifull body that ever was in the world, be but foure houres deprived of life: how hard favoured will it be? how loathſome both to the ſight and ſmell will it become? then where ſhall the profit of Painting be? where is the vertue of complexions? and where is all the Engines that did abuſe *beautie?* all thy fairding can not helpe the defects of Nature, at laſt, it will bewray it ſelfe. O but heare what that learned and godly Father S. *Auguſtine* ſayes, *Fucare figmentis quo vel rubicundior vel candidi*

candidior, vel verecundior appareant adulterina fallacia eſt: quanta amentia effigiem mutare naturæ, picturam querere: tollerabiliora prope modum in adulterio crimina ſunt, ibi enim pudicitia hic Natura adulteratur: And what ſayes that devine man Saint *Ambroſe, Deles picturam Dei mulier, ſi vultum tuum Materiali candore obliuiſti.* Againe, Saint *Cyprian* with the reſt of theſe learned and devout Fathers, ſayes, *Fœminæ manus Deo inferunt, quando illud quod ille formauit reformare contendunt.* How deteſtable a thing is it to ſee a filthie creature ſeeke to reforme the handy-worke of God: how vnthankfull and ingrate art thou to thy Creator, when thou ſeeſt the blinde, the cripple, or any ſtrucken with Gods hand? how ſhouldſt thou thanke God, who hath created thee with all the joynts of thy bodie ſtretcht and even, and hath given thee all thy right members, he might haue made thee a monſter to the world: But O! thy pride conſiders not this: but thou with Art will correct the wondrous works of God: *O come è indegna è ſtomacheuole coſa il vederte talhor, con vn pinello pinger le guance & occultar le mende di natura è del tempo, è veder come il liuido pallor fai parer di oſtro, le rughe apiani è il bruno imbianchi è togli col defetto il defetto.* All their inventions, their ever-deviſing conceites, are naught elſe but ſnares to entrap our owne ſoules: the man with enticing vanities, doeth allure and perſwade the women, and the women with ſuperſtitious and ſuperfluous follies, tempts the man, and yet for all this, there is manie women (no doubt, who

who meanes well) are deceaved with the ſubtill deceites of falſe and perjured men: they will make their owne ſex be an inſtrument to overthrowe them, when a woman will for gold or mony tempt another woman, and vſe all deceaving tricks to enſnare her: ſo I ſay, a woman to a woman is a great enemie; ſuch Pandroſſes cares not the wrack of young damoſels, and then the diſtreſſed woman becomes an out-caſt to her friends, aſhamed of them ſelues, and a ſlaue to all kinde of miſerie. But can ſuch ſort of women be excuſed, who deſiring to be deceaved, will compound and yeeld vpon reaſonable conditions. This ſort of women are the weaker veſſels, who imputes their wantonnes to their too-much weaknes, and whoſe naturall infirmities muſt be excuſed with their ſimple ignorance, who truſted ſo much to oathes and vowes. O God, was ever man bewitched to think that the conques of a woman can crowne *Honor:* or can it raiſe any *Trophies* to *Vertues victorie:* or was ever the ſtealing of a Maids virginitie regiſtred in any chronicle for a valorous act of worth, and being got, what is it? A haſtie-paſt-pleaſure, with a ſpeedie following repentance, where a ſwarme of tortring thoughts ſtill works, a ſwift revenge, a trifling toy, and like a feather blowen with the winde before children, for when one boy gets it, hee opens his hand to ſee it, then the wind blowes it ſtraight away againe, then others runs and gets it againe, againe, and againe, and ſo it goes ſtill from hand to hand. And whats all this they runne for, it is but a feather, let

let it goe, *who builds his hopes vpon the ruenous ground of a wauering womans Conſtancie, ſhall haue a ſuddaine fall:* And well may he with a pare of croſſed armes breath forth and ſay,

Donna adorata, e, vn nume del inferno.

IF haples I, had harbord in my heart
The feſtred ſting of euer-tortring greefe,
Reuthles diſdaine had neuer ſcornd my ſmart,
Nor I haue baiſde my ſelfe to beg releefe:
But O, my Miſtres, hath a womans minde,
Who loues her beſt, there proues ſhe moſt vnkinde.

Doe what ſhe can, O cruell faithles faire,
Be ſtill ingrate, and neuer grant me grace:
For why? the proud triumph of my Deſpare
Hath lade my hopes before her ſlaughtring face:
There muſt they ſterue, murthred with miſ-regarde,
My Loue is loath'd, and I haue no rewarde.

Then fare-well Loue, a woman is a toy,
Which being got, ſome other gets againe:
Curſt be that man, whoſe jelouſie is joy,
And yeelds him ſeruile to a Slauiſh paine:
Who courts a woman, muſt not thinke it ſtrange,
That want of wit, ſtill makes her minde to change.

O man whom GOD his cheefeſt wonder made,
And Treaſure ritch of his al-ſeeing Eye,
The winter blaſt, thy flooriſh fare ſhall fade:
Swift-poſting-time, ſtill tels thee you muſt dye:

In fanſies lap ſpend not thy dayes for ſhame,
Go ſpend thy dayes where honour liues with fame.

Then get you gone, ſweet Syrins *of deceat,*
Full well I knowe your ſtrange inchanting ekill:
I ſcorne that Coward of a baſe conceat,
That Pandor-like waits on a womans will:
O let him dye deceaud, that will not doubt you,
And happieſt he, who beſt can liue without you.

When a man hyreth an horſe, either to ryde Poſt or Journey, as it pleaſes the ryder, at his journeyes end he receaues but a hyrelings pay, and ſo he is preſently gone. But when a man hes an horſe of his own, he will haue a care of him, and ſpare for no expenſes to ſee him well furniſhed, well fed, and well dicht, neither will he burſt him, nor ſpur-gall him, but he will ryde him ſoftly and ſpare him. Now what if his horſe ſhould learne gades, and doe nothing without the *Baſtenado*, kick with his feete, and not be anſwerable to the Rainzie, but muſt be ridden with a *French* bit; in faith then I think that man had better ridden on a *Caronne* hyrling, when his owne horſe proves noght elſe but a wearied jad. If a man could ſay this word *My owne*, he were happy ſo being he could ſay it with contentment, as my owne houſe, my owne wyfe, my owne children; is it not written, *Let euery man haue his owne wife.* But now in theſe dayes, ſuch is the deteſtable abhominations cropen into the hearts of men, which makes them to polut the *ſacred* band of *Ma-*

1. *Cor.* 7. *cap.*

tre-

tremonie. Now in this godles tyme a man cares not to put away his own wyfe, and take another; he wil alledge a thouſand lyes, he will corrupt men and wemen to beare falſe witnes, or elſe he is not aſhamed to diſcover his owne filthines, and take the fault on himſelfe, *What God hath coupled together, let no man ſeparate.* And againe, our Saviour ſayes, *Whoſoeuer ſhall put away his owne wife, and maries with another, committeth adultery: And if a woman put away, or deuorſe her ſelfe from her owne husband, [ſhe hath] committed adultery, in caſe ſhe marie with any other man.* Said not the man to the woman at their firſt Creation, *This is now bone of my bones, and fleſhe of my fleſhe, and for that cauſe ſhe ſhall be called woman.* And againe S. *Paul* ſpeaking of the loue ſhould be betwix the wife and the husband, and what authority he hath over his wife, he ſayeth, *The man is not of the woman, but the woman of the man, for the man was not created for the womans ſake, but the woman for the mans ſake.* And why then ſhould a man hate his owne fleſh and bones. Why ſhould not a wel-deſerving wife be well cheriſhed, and aboue all things, moſt reſpected, as his ſecond-ſelf, yea, even all in all as himſelf. But many men are to blame, who maries a woman, and preſently after he is maried, goeth to farre Countries, and longſome journeyes, and leives her to the mercy of all miſery, it is a great ſigne and token that this man whatſomever, hes neither reſpect to GOD nor ſhame of the world, and he is a Rebel to the command of GOD, *When a man taketh a new wife, he ſhall not goe a warfare, neither ſhall he be charged*

Mark. 10. *cap.*

Luk. 16. *cap.*

Gen. 2. *cap.*

Cor. 11. *cap.*

Deu. 24. *cap.*

with any buſſineſſe, but he ſhall be free, and remaine at home one yeare, and rejoyce with his wyfe. It were better never to marie, then to mary and abuſe Mariage. But the originall of this miſcheef proceeds partely of Parents, and partely of the parties themſelues, whoſe avarice and gread of geare is ſuch, that they care not whom with they joyne, ſo being they be ritch; they looke not to education, to qualaties, nor birth, ritches hides all imperfections, and what followes, noght elſe but hatred, greefe, a languiſhing repentance, a mutuall contempt, a continuall battell, and a loathſome bed when daies of anger, and nights of ſorrow, are waited on, with *Argus-eid* jelouſy. The wiſe man ſaith in his *Canticles,* *cap.* 8. *Jelouſie is cruell as the graue, and the coles thereof are fyrie, and coles of a vehement flame.* And the *Italian* making a deſcription of jelouſie, he crieth out, with a vehement paſſion, *Da quell ſoſpetto rio, da quell timore, da quell martir, da quella freneſia, da quella rabia detta geleſia.* How many are they who are robd both of ſhame and honour, yeelding to inſatiable luſt, no reſtraint, nor yet ſetting limits to modeſty, but gives their own deſire free ſcope to a more then beaſtly appetyte, intertainde with all kinde of delicat allurements, that their filthy fleſh may ever be craving, and the better furniſhed with that conſuming pleaſure. And again, when ſome ſhameles creatures makes their body the moving ſtage of licherous ſin, where all the fates of activaty, and walting trickes giues a generall tryall in a particular forme; when baſe bloud corrupts Nobility, & makes wrongous heires

heires poſſeſſe other mens lands, when voluntarie ignorance becomes a *Nurſe* to vnlawfull children: And when the ſacred vowe of *Matrimonie* is made a jugling maske to overſyle the eies of true ſimpliſetie: The wrongde *Spaniard* cryde out, *De la mala muger te guarda, y de la buena no ſies nada.* Alas, poore horned bucks, whilſt they judge charetably and makes their fooliſh ignorance impute all to a kinde courtaſie, which brings nothing with it but an homely honeſtie, even then is leaſt miſdeming myndes made a mocking ſtock to ſecret villany, and if the partie (who is wrongde) appeare to miſconſter any thing, or to ſmell knavery, then preſently is there a complementing application of borrowed imbracements accompaned with vrged teares, fained kiſſes, falſe perjuries, flatring ſpeaches, with broken vowes, and a number of vnperformde proteſtations. All this villanous diſſimulation hoodwinks verity, & maks one become the pointed-out-ſport of anothers pleaſure, one beat the buſh whilſt others catch the bird, and the righteous owner feed on idle ſhowes, whilſt ſtrangers injoies the true ſubſtance. This tricking *Humor* takes both cheſſes and belles from many a one, & ſends them to the Rangild. But heare what opinion the word of GOD hath of ſuch, *The lippes of a ſtrange woman drop as a honey combe, and her mouth is more ſoft then oyle, but the end of her is more bitter then wormewood, and more ſharpe then a two edged ſword.* And againe to that ſame purpoſe, *Then why ſhuld thou delite, my ſon, in a ſtrange woman, or imbrace the boſome of a ſtranger?* With what eies can

Prov. cap. 5.

can thou looke vpon thine own wife when thou giueſt thy bodie to another woman; is not her face a booke that vnfolds a volume of accuſations to thy ſpotted ſoule: Is not the *Echo* of theſe words; *I take thee before God*, ſtill ſounding through the corners of thy Conſcience, tooke thou not her to thy wyfe? did thou not vowe before GOD and the world, to keep thy body cleane onely for her. *Why ſhould thou then imbrace the boſome of a ſtrange woman.* And heere againe what deſcription the word of GOD maketh of an Harlot, and how it paints forth the filthineſſe of a ſhameles woman, *And I ſaw among the fooles, and conſidered among the children, a young man deſtitute of vnderſtanding; and behold there met him a woman with an harlots behauiour, and ſubtle in heart, ſo ſhe tooke him, and kiſſed him, and with an impudent face ſaid vnto him, I haue peace offrings, this day haue I payde my vowes, therefore came I forth to meete thee, that I might ſeeke thy face, and now I haue found thee; I haue deckt my bed with ornaments, carpits, laces of Ægipt, I haue perfumde my bed with mirrh, aloes, and cynamon; come let vs take our fill of loue till the morning, let vs take our pleaſure in dalliance, for my husband is not at home, he is gone a journey, farre off; and he followed her ſtraight wayes, like an ox that goeth to the ſlaughter.* The pryce of ſuch pleaſures are great, and ever brings with it a ſwift repentance, and the end of it is noght elſe but *Miſery, Povertie, Shame* and *Beggery*. O what pleaſure is it to ſee the man & the woman both of one minde, comporting with others imperfections, and ſtill yeelding to o-

Prover. cap. 7.

thers

thers wailknes, *El conſejo de la muger es poco y quien no le toma es loco*, When a modeſt diſcretion, and ſilent patience is applyde to their owne infirmities; for when the woman is in rage and ſtormes at her houſhald affaires, correcting wrongs with the furious rage of her tongue. O then the man ſhould labor to pacifie her with ſweete words, gentle admonitions, and large promiſes. Is it not a common Proverb, *That wyles helps wake folke.* And when the man is in rage, the woman ſhould not then tempt his patience, but holde her peace, and with loving words, obedient duety, and all kinde of courtaſie carreſs him, and be quiet. Saieth not S. *Paul, I permit not a woman to vſurpe authoritie ouer the man, but to be in ſilence.* This is the true duety of a woman towards her husband, and this woman is the woman of wiſdome, as it is written, *A peaceable woman, and of a good heart, is the gift of the Lord, and there is nothing ſo much worth as a woman well inſtructed*, this is great ritches, and a ritch treaſure. This woman bringes peace with her, ſhe hes a carefull deſire, and an earneſt loue towardes her husband, and diſcharges an vpright duetie to her children, with many eyes watchfull over her houſe. And what is ſuch a woman worth? The Scripture tels thee, *That her pryce is far aboue the pearles, the heart of her husband truſteth in her, and he ſhall haue no neede of ſpoyle, ſhe will doe him good and not euill all the dayes of her life, ſhe ſeketh wooll and flax, and laboreth cheerfully with her hands.* This is the woman whoſe eares doeth not itch for ſtrange teddings, nor is ſhe curious to ſearch ſecreets of others

1. *Tim.* 2. *cap.*

Eccl. 26. *cap.*

others affaires, nor yet goes ſhe abroad to ſeeke newes, nor hes ſhe any diſeaſe to be curde with the aire taking, ſhe breeds not her childe with the languiſhing diſeaſe of a new faſhiond gowne, nor yet needs ſhe any molefying *Ceir-Cloath* to be lade at her ſtomack, becauſe ſhe can not get her will, her domeſtick affairs is a pleaſant paſtime, which brings profite by the purches of her own hands, *She putteth her hands to the wheel, and her hands handle the ſpindle*, ſhe is not afraide nor aſhamde to fyle her fingers for the well of her family, and ſo by her handy-labor helps to ſuſtaine them, *Her husband is knowne in the gates, when he ſitteth with the Elders of the land*, ſhe hath a care to ſee him civill, in all things his honour is her glory, *She is not a pratler, but ſhe openeth her mouth with wiſdome, and law of grace is in her tongue, ſhe over-ſeeth the wayes of her houſhould, and eateth not the bread of idleneſſe: her children ryſe vp and call her bleſſed, her husband also ſhall praiſe her*. O what a world of happines liueth that man and woman in, where mutual concorde, peace and quietneſſe, true tranquillity of minde triumphs, where external diſſimulation is not aplyde to cover the inwarde deceit of the heart, and where a modeſt diſcretion excuſes and dantons the fleſhly defire of inſatiable luſt. This may be called felicitie. All their prayers are acceptable to GOD, what they pretend is proſperous, becauſe all their actions feares the Lord, it is onely to ſuch as theſe that GOD will keepe his promiſe, ſpoken by the mouth of *Dauid* the Prophet, *He hath giuen a portion vnto them that feare him,*

him, he will euer be mindefull of his Covenant. And what is it? Even this, *Thy wyfe ſhall be as the fruitefull vynes on the ſides of thine houſe, and thy Children lyke the Oliue plants round about thy table, thus are they bleſſed that feareth GOD.* For all theſe kynde promiſes and large bleſſinges beſtowed on mankinde, yet there are many men and women whom God hath bleſſed with children, who are vnworthy & vnnatural Parents; they are careles of their childrens education, and cares not what becomes of them. How far is it againſt Nature to ſee a woman cary the Infant in her belly nyne moneths; and that whyle vexed with ſo many ſundry ſorts of intollerable paines, and when ſhe approches neere the delivery of her birth, what a feare and terror will poſſeſs all the parts of her bodie? what pittifull exclamations will ſhe make through her grieuous tortour? what an extreame agony and perrell of her lyfe will ſhe be in, before the Childe parte from her belly? This is a great and ſtupendeous miracle of Nature, ordained by GOD Almighty, and for all theſe torments, greefes, and vexations, ſome vnnaturall mothers will forget their children, ſhe will be ſo delicate, ſhe will not nouriſhe them, nor fyle her fine cloathes with ſlobbring younglings, ſhe muſt haue a ſtranger to nource her childe, for the bewtie of her ſnowe-white skinne muſt not be blabered with ſucklings. It appeares very well, that theſe ſorte of women gettes and ingenders their children onely for pleaſures ſake, and delivers them to the worlde for meere neceſſi-

tie to empty their wombe. Again when they come to perfite yeares, ſome Parents will giue over their children to all kinde of miſery. When GOD in his ſuper-aboundant mercy ſpeakes to *Sion* be his Prophet, he ſaieth, *Can the mother forget her owne infant, or can ſhe not be mercifull to the childe of her own wombe; if ſhe could be forgetfull, yet I will not forget thee, nor can I reject thee, for beholde I haue written thee in the fleſhe of my owne hands.* In this compariſon our GOD ſhowes how farre it goeth beyond all naturall reaſon that the Parents ſhould forget their children. But there are many children who deſerueth the wrath of their Parents, through their owne ingratitude, and through their great over-ſight of duety, *Honour thy Father and thy Mother, that thy dayes may be long in the land which the Lord thy God hath giuen thee.* Let ingratfull children goe look on that wondrous worke of Nature, and of Loue; the young *Cigonztis* will vomet vp their meate from their ſtomach to nuriſch their parents, when they are oulde and can not flee. Looke to all beaſts by Nature, what loue they cary one to another, & what mutuall concord in their owne kinde; and how much more ought reaſonable creatures, the Parents to the children, and the children to the Parents: *Ye Parents* (ſaieth S. *Paul) prouoke not your children to wrath:* meaning be over great aufteirnes. When Parents and Children liues all in peace and quyetnes, and in charitable concord, *O how good a thing is it* (ſaieth the Scripture) and how joyfull is it, to ſee brethren and ſiſters, and the whole family to liue in

Eſay. 49 *cap.*

in loue and peace, they eate their bread with ſweete contentment, and ſpends their dayes in great happines. But woe be to ſeditious tail-tellers, to leying lippes, to harkners and rounders, to back-byters and ſlanderers, who are ſowers of diſſention, and with their wicked and malitious tongues, are inventers of miſcheif: The wiſdome of GOD ſaith, *A wicked perſon ſoweth ſtrife, and a tail-teller maketh diſſention.* It is vpon ſuch wicked inſtruments that the great GOD hath promeſt *to raine fire and brimſtone, with ſtormie tempeſts:* this ſhall be the portion of their cup, with many more greevous and endleſſe torments, which are provided for detracters and ſlanderers. *All beaſtes are tamde be man, but the tongue no man can tame, it is an vnruely euill, full of deadly poyſone.* *Jam. 3. Epiſt.* Contentment is great wealth, and ſobreatie with loue, is better then Kingdomes with ſtrife, *I had rather dwell with a Lion, then keepe houſe with a wicked wife.* *Eccl. 25. cap.* And againe ſaith the Scripture, *A wicked wife maketh a ſory heart, an heauy countenance, and a wounded minde, wake hands, and feeble knees, and can not comfort her husband in hauines.* Can any goe more neere the husband then the wife? are they not both one fleſh? But ſuch is the wake fragility of our wicked nature, that even they who lieth in others boſomes ſome-time will diſcord; but the diſcord amongſt friends ſhould be ſhort, as betwix the Parents and the Children, betwix Brether and Siſters, and cheefly betwix the Man and the Wife; Is it not written, *Let not the Sunne goe downe vpon your anger:* The anger of ſome wemen are dangerous.

The wiſe and learned man *Auſonius* ſpeaking of a womans anger, he ſaieth, *That the wylde Boare perſewed of dogs, the Viper whoſe taile is tread vpon, the Lyons bitten with hunger, the Tiger robd of her young-ones, are not more cruell and fearce then an angry woman.* *Eccl. 42. cap.* *Melior eſt iniquitas viri, quam mulier beneſaciens.* There ſhould be no vp-caſts betwixt the man and the woman, as to ſay, thou art come of this, or of that, we are all the children of *Adam*, and alſo what ever ſecretes are amongſt them, ſhould not be reveild, were the occaſion never ſo great. Many times great miſchief hes bred of ſuch things, for this cauſe woman ſhuld not be curious of the mans perticular affairs. *Judges. 14. cap.* *Sampſon* being maried with the vncircumciſed *Philiſtanes*, his wife did never reſt, but importuned him to knowe his ſecrets, and then ſhe reveiled all to his great harme. The wiſe man *Salomon* ſayeth, *Pro. 12. cap.* *A vertuous woman is the crowne of her husband, but ſhe that maketh him aſhamed, is as corruption in his bones.* But many times it falles out, that the man is author of his ſhame, blowing and ſounding abroad the *Trumpet* of his owne ignomy; in this reſpect, that when he knoweth a particular imperfection to predominat in his wife, he will not be ſecrete, but makes the world pointe their fingers at his turpitude; when he is to come home, he ſhould ſend word before, and tell he comes, and if his minde aſſure him that *Occupata e la ſtanza*, then ſhould he be very ware to enter his houſe vpon a ſuddainty, leaſt he catch a moat in his eye, and then his eie-ſore will ſting his heart with impatience, turning all the

the mifty-clouds of his darke doubts, in a clear-ſhining verity, it will bring Jeloufie to a true and perfite reſolution, it will giue him poſſeſſion of *Hornes*, and ſo by this meanes, it inrolles him amongſt the Cathegory of voluntary *Cuck-colds*, then muſt he maintaine a back-dore for the *ingreſſe* and *egreſſe* of his wifes vulgare actions. A *ſentenall* muſt haue a good eare, a quick eie, and a ſwift retreat, that the *alarme* may be the more tymous, and to make a more large preparation for Patience. O what a ſpatious ſubject is this, and how endleſſe appeares this profound diſcourſe; like a ſtranger *Pilgrim* in a wilderneſſe, I haue loſt my way; or like the *Seafaring-man* fatigated in a longſome voyage, ſounding his lead where he findeth no ground, in ſuch groundles deepes; then at laſt he returnes hopeles to end his (ſeeming endleſſe) journey, with a diſſembling courage, and a heartles cry, he comforts his company. So *(good Reader)* I am forced heere obruptly to break off, for ſo long as this Subject is the load-ſtar of my diſcourſe, I think, and am aſſured that my Ship ſhall never arryue to the fight of *Capa dell buena aſperanza*. Then in deſpaire I bid this large *Ocæan* fare-well, for this fearfull, and tempeſtuous ſtorme threatens Ship-wrack, I muſt ſtand by my Taik-ling, ſhut my Rudder a lee, and ſeeke vp for the next ſhoare.

Away vaine world, thou Ocæan of annoyes,
And welcome Heauen with thy eternall joyes.

O how

O How farre (beholde) doeth it goe beyond the reatch of mans capacitie to ponder: the great and wondrous workes of GOD, when we meditate vpon his miracles, to ſee the frame of every thing, preſenting ſuch ſtrange obiects, this large proſpect of Heaven and Earth, the admirable operations of every thing which hath bene wroght, and ſtill works in the ſwift courſe of time; and when we haue conſidered all that we can, or may, we ſhall ſee that mankinde of all other creatures, are moſt ingrate to his Creator. So that this great and vniverſal Glob, whoſe ſpatious ſhoulders is over-lodned with the wickedneſſe of mankinde, and wearied with the heavy burthen of weightie ſinne, and the vnnaturall ſtrife in all kinde of eſtates, even from the ritch Monarch to the poore begger. We may ſee Kings oppoſde againſt Kings, theſe great and earthly powers triumph in other mens ſpoyle, we may ſee mightie ruelars vſurpe Kingdomes, ſubiects mutein againſt their owne naturall Prince, contemne his Laws, & in ſpight of GOD, oppreſſe the poore, and turne careles *Rannegats* to all Chriſtianity, *Virum ſanguinum & doloſum abhominabitur Dominus*, GOD abhors and deteſts the bloudy and malitious man, he ſhall never get mercy, all his abhominations ſhall not leaue him, but ſhall follow him and accuſe him, his ambition, and the complaints of the oppreſſed, ſhall condemne his Soule. And what is all this world, it is noght elſe but a ſtage where euery one acts their parte, and then makes an eternall retret with

without returne, Heavens incloſtred powers looks downe, and they ſee all the dulfull Tragedies of vnrecalled time, and marks the vnſpeakable wickedneſſe of mankinde, how many folies are acted vpon this ſtage, for the moſt parte playes the *Buffone*, and all their life is but a pleaſant Comedy, and with the *Ethnick* they cry out, *Ede, bibe, dorme, poſt Mortem nulla voluptas*. Vpon the other parte we may beholde the picture of true repentance, painted with ten thouſand miſeries, the pittifull geſture of men, how vnlawfull Law hes made miſerable, the beggerd Marchant, who hath bankerd-out his credit: the Artiſan whom age and ſicknes brings to poverty, and we may ſee how the threed-bare Cationer goeth with melancholious grones, diſperſing the ſighs of his greeved minde in the Aire: we may ſee how the curious *Alchamiſt* in ſeeking the *Philoſopher-ſtone*, with continuall travell, and far-ſoght inventions hath wrung out all the ſubſtance of his wits, and ſeeking to finde wealth, hath loſt all his wealth, ſo till at laſt, his ſweating labors, rypes nothing elſe but ſmooke. O then, his repentance beginnes to challenge time, when all his ſmooking hopes are vaniſhed in the aire, in end, he payeth his debt to Death, and dyeth a begger. And we may ſee the *Necromancer*, one who hath ſtudied the black Art, for a little borrowed (and yet a very vncertaine) tyme dambs his owne ſoule, and giues it as a proper tribute to Hell, and why? becauſe with the *Arch-deuils* direction, he will command all the infernall ſpirits. O moſt vaine illuſion, and deceatfull

ful pleaſure which brings nothing with it, but eternall horror. Now when all men hath acted their parte vpon this vniverſall ſtage, then comes Al-commanding Death, & ſwiftly cryes to every one, *Away, gette you gone, your parte is playde.* So with his Imperiall Darte, he ſtreaketh all kinde of Creatures without reſpect, and then with his reuthles hand, he draweth the darke Courtaine of the Graue, over the paill bodie of mankinde. So ſhall thy ſoule compeare before the Great Spectator of Heaven, who hath ſeene all thy actions, and how thou haſt plaide thy parte in this world, there the booke is opened where all thy doings are in Regiſter, if they be vpright, then art thou crowned in the Majeſticall Throne of Eternall Glory; if thy actions and doinges be falſe, and found deceatfull, if thou haſt ſtopped thy eares, and woulde not hearken, nor heare vnto the voice of Gods Meſſingers, then ſhall thy name be blotted and ſcraped out of the Booke of lyfe, and thy ſoule and bodie ſhall be condemned to burne perpetuallie in the Everlaſting fyre of Hel. O what a pittifull thing is it to ſee ſo many catiue creatures careles of the life to come, and what great debt they take on their ſoule to be payed at the latter day. The wicked abhominations of mans heart made GOD in his great wrath cry out and ſay, *I repent that ever I made man.* And why did our Saviour Chriſt hate this world, he telleth the reaſon, *Quia mundus totus in maligno poſitus eſt.* Becauſe the Worlde altogether is placed in wickedneſſe. For we may beholde, what wicked-

Reuel. 20. *cap.*

Gen. 6. *cap.*

wickednes poſſeſſes mankinde, even from their verie youth-head? of what evill inclination? how perverſe in their actions? and how contemptious to age? how will they mock, ſcorne, and diſdaine the reverend Father, and the aged Matrone. O ſayes the word of God, *Age is the crowne of glory*, therefore we ſhould honour age, helpe and reverence age, the pernitious nature of man is ſuch, that it breeds contention, emulation, and continuall diſcords, how vncharitable without law, reaſon, or religion, ſo that man to man are the moſt cruell enemies of any other creatures: when the *Neronicall* heart of man being in a tirannicall *humor*, what kinde of ſtrange tortures will they deviſe one againſt another? how vnnaturall is this? and how farre is it againſt all Chriſtianitie? it hath kindled the wrath of the Almightie, when anger calleth *Iſraell, Gentem apoſtatricem dura facie & indomabili corde*, an apoſtaticall Nation with a ſhameleſſe face & encourageable heart, who will not acknowledge the wondrous mercies of our loving God, *Miſeros facit populos peccatum*, ſinne maketh people miſerable, and when holy *Job* ſpeaking of wicked men and of careleſſe ſinners, he ſayeth, *Bibit quaſi aquam iniquitatem*, they drink vp ſinne like water, even like a thirſtie ſtomack, with as little care and as much pleaſure drinke they vp wickednes, and that thou who readeſt this, may the better beleeue me: goe and with experience thou ſhalt ſee (goe I ſay) & walke abroad into the ſtreetes, and behold the doings of mankinde; looke and marke well their behaviour,

Pro. 16. *Cap.*

and faſhions, conſider well and attentiuely what is done in Market-places, in Kings Courts, in Juſtice houſes, in common meeting places, what lying, & deceaving? what ſlander & ſhameleſſe villany? thou ſhalt ſee nothing in this world ſo little accounted of as ſinne, thou ſhalt ſee Juſtice corrupted with briberie, and variety ſold for money, and impudent faces deſpiſe equity, thou ſhalt ſee the innocent cõdemned, the wicked and malitious malefactor delivered and ſet free, the villaine advanced, & the vertuous deſpiſed, thou ſhalt ſee the proud oppreſſour triumph, & theeues command, vſurers and brokers deceaving their neighbours, extortioners at liberty to execute their owne deſires: and thou ſhalt ſee ignorant fooles preferred to great authority, becauſe they are ritch, worthleſſe men reverenced, honored, and drawen vp to great dignities, and thou ſhalt ſee how the eager deſire of ambition cuts innocent throats, treaſon covered and cloaked with flattery: and to conclude, thou ſhalt heare the general voyce of the people, to be nothing elſe but of vanities, bawdrie, and whoring, detraction & backbiting, pride, envie, deceit, drunkennes, diſſimulation, wantonnes, diſſolation, flatterie, lying, ſwearing, perjuring, & blaſpheming. And ſo this ſhal confirme (that in their perrillous and latter dayes) how miſchief abounds, & what abhominations are ſpred on the face of the earth, having no regard to law or juſtice, to reaſon nor religion, but in an vnſatiable appetite of beaſtlineſſe, are become drunk with ſinne: how glad may the man of an vpright mind be? how

quiet

quiet may his ſoule be? at what ſweet repoſe may his conſcience be? when all his actions are vpright before GOD: the Scripture ſayes, *Secura mens iuge conuiuium*, a ſecure conſcience is a blithe banquet: but O thou wicked man! O thou malitious oppreſſour! O thou deceitfull and avaritious villaine: how ſhalt thou haue thy ſoule and conſcience tortured? the terrour of thy vnrighteouſneſſe ſhall torment thee, thy nights ſhall be voyde of reſt, and thy ſoule ſhall be wrapped vp in the pricking thornes of thy owne wickedneſſe, everie thing ſhall affray thee, all objects ſhall threaten thee, and reſtleſſe deſpaire ſhall hant thee with ten thouſand devilliſh temptations: *Salomon* ſayes, *the wicked man flieth though no man purſue him*: Hee will ſtart at his owne ſhadow, the heart of him is alwaies aloft, *Conſcientia mille teſtes*: O but heare in the end what is prepared for ſuch wicked and inſolent ſinners (who hath ſuch pleaſure in this world, & with their abhominations procures the heavie wrath of God) even this is prepared for them, *Cruciabuntur in ſæcula ſæculorum in ſtagno ardente igne & ſulphure*, they ſhal be tormented for ever & ever in a burning lake of fire & brimſton. O that the horror of this ſentence might make vs mark our owne blindnes, and amend our beaſtly life, *Noliti fieri ſicut equus et mulus quibus non eſt intellectus*: Be not like the horſe or the Mule, which hath no vnderſtanding, as the Prophet would ſay, be not ſo brutiſh nor ſo voyd of reaſon, nor yet ſet not thy ſaluation to ſuch a ſmall reckoning. O thou Reader, I will requeſt thee, & all mankind ever

Pro. 15. *cap.*

Pro. 28. *cap.*

to remember and hold this moſt worthy and infallible ſentence printed in thy heart, *Hoc momentum vnde pendit æternitas*, This ſhort life is the very moment whereon dependeth all eternitie, either the eternall joyes of heaven, or elſe the eternall paines of hell. O I ſay againe, remember this true ſentence, and haue a continuall care of this moment, and ſpend it not in ſuch idle vanities, *Agree with thine aduerſarie quickly, whiles thou art in the way going with him, leaſt thine aduerſarie deliuer thee to the Judge, and the Judge deliuer thee to the jaylor, and the jaylor caſt thee in priſon, where thou ſhalt not come out till thou haue payed all*. How carefull ſhould we be in this little moment of our life, to prevent the intollerable and endleſſe burning paines of hell. What would the damned ſoules in hell doe, if they were in this world againe? how would they ſpend this moment, to eſcape that vnſpeakable torture, that ever-burning *Gehenna*, where nothing elſe is but gnaſhing of teeth and everlaſting horrour, yea, and worſe than the tongue or heart of man can tell or thinke, out of the which part there is no redemption. Good Chriſtian Reader, againe I will requeſt thee, and all ſinners, to print this in the depth of thy heart: And I my ſelfe, I confeſſe to be a moſt greevous ſinner, when I thinke vpon the loſſe of pretious time, it ſhrills my wearie ſoule with griefe, it wearies my dayes, and diſturbs my reſt: with that holy Prophet *Dauid*, I crie to God with a repenting heart: *O Lord, remember not the ſinnes of my youth, nor my ignorance, but according to thy great mercies remember*

Math. 5. Cap.

member thou me, euen for thy goodnes ſake, O Lord: The workes of our Lord God are great and wondrous, they are incomprehenſible, and yet his mercies exceedes all his ſtupendious workes; therefore once more let vs conſider ſo neere as wee can the great works of God, the creating of all things. *The heauens* (ſayes the Prophet *Dauid*) *ſets forth his glory, and the firmament ſhewes the workes of his hands;* the earth, the ſeas, and all living creatures therein, the ſtrange courſe of every thing in heaven, in earth, & the naturall inclination of all living creatures. Look on the ſeas how they are limited, that they ſhall not paſſe their bounds, but keepes their due courſe: Looke on the creation of mankinde, he hath made vs according to his owne image, and of the verie dirt and ſlime of the earth hath he created and formed vs, he hath alſo made vs ſubject to many infirmities of Nature, the filthineſſe of our fleſh, the excrementall corruption of many ſundry and ſtrange diſeaſes, which are naturall, and infident both to man and woman: And what would this carcaſe of ours be, if it had not the change of cleane cloathes? it would be naught elſe but a maſſe of vermine, and with time the ſmell of our fleſh would be loathſom, and ſo in the end wee would putrifie and conſume to naught. O man, why is all this done? onely to baſe our pride, and God hath done it to let vs ſee what ſtuffe wee are made of: and what hath our good God done more? Within this earthly veſſell of our body, he hath placed a ſoule made of a devine and heavenly ſubſtance, adorned with all her

faculties, and garniſhed with reaſon; the Prophet *Dauid* ſayes, *Little inferiour to the Angels*. And beſides all this, he hath caſt vnder our feete all kinde of other creatures, and aboue all his workes that work of vnſpeakable loue, that miraculous worke of our redemption, and yet the mercie of our Lord God goes farre aboue, and farre exceedes all his wondrous works: for the holy Prophet *Dauid* ſayes, *The Lord is good and kinde to all, and his mercies are aboue all his great and wondrous works*, And heare what our good & loving God ſayes more with his owne mouth: *The mountaines ſhall remoue, the hills ſhall fall downe, but my mercie ſhall not depart from thee: neither ſhall I breake the couenant of my peace, ſaith the Lord, that hath compaſſion on thee?* What great and true confidence may we then haue in Gods mercie? he ſayes againe by the mouth of his Prophet: *The Lord doth attend the ſinners conuerſion, to the end he may take mercy on him, and thereby be exalted:* Yet heare more what God ſpeakes to *Ezechiel* the Prophet: *Say vnto them, as I liue, ſaith the Lord God, I deſire not the death of the wicked, but that the ſinner ſhould turn from his ſinful life & liue:* And farther, with what great compaſſion goes he on to allure & perſwade his people to convert: O ſayes he, *Turne you turne you from your wickednes, for why will you periſh and die, O you houſe of Iſraell:* How many kind & loving perſwaſions doth our loving God giue vs to draw neere, and come home to him. What gentle & kind corrections? what large and great ſpace of repentance? what wonderfull & ſweet Parables of our Saviour Jeſus Chriſt in the Evan-

Hebr. 2. *Cap.*
Gen. 1. *Cap.*
Eſay. 5. 4.
Eſay. 30. *Cap.*
33. *Cap.*

Evangell: Of the good ſheepheard who brought back the ſheep vpon his ſhoulders, which had gone aſtray, what joy and feaſting makes hee with his friends, and of the honeſt woman when ſhee findes her loſt peace of ſiluer. And the pittifull father with teares of mercie & compaſſion receaved his forlorn ſonne, with what joy and gladnes did hee embrace him. Here doth our ſweet Saviour *Jeſus*, ſhew what great joy is in heaven at the convertion of a ſinner. Our loving God again entring in more conference with the ſinner, he begins to reaſon with him: *Thou ſayeſt that I am ritch, and encreaſed with goods, and full of ſubſtance, and that I haue need of nothing, and doeſt thou not know how poore thou art? how wretched? how miſerable? how blinde? and how naked thou art?* Then our Saviour goes on with ſweet perſwading ſpeeches to allure the ſinner, ſaying: *I counſell thee to buy of me gold, tried be the fire, that thou mayeſt be made ritch, and white rayment, that thou mayeſt be cloathed, and that thy filthie nakednesſe may not be ſeene, and anoint thine eyes with eye-ſalue, that thou mayeſt ſee:* And when he with chaines of loue keepes his owne faſt to him, he ſayes, *As many as I loue, I rebuke and chaſten, be zealous therefore and amend.* Now againe at laſt he concludes with fervent compaſſion, *Behold I ſtand at the dore and knock, if any man heare my voice, and open the dore, I will come in vnto him, and I will ſup with him, and hee with mee.* What more comfortable ſpeeches would the heart of mankinde craue? or what greater conſolation can wee caitiue and diſtreſſed ſinners deſire, who would refuſe to open the

Reuel. S. John. 3. Cap.

the dore of his heart to entertaine ſuch a worthie gueſt of infinite loue and mercie, even Chriſt Jeſus the onely ſonne of God omnipotent: he gave his life to ranſone the ſoules of ſinners, he left the glorious heavens for our cauſe, and cloathed him ſelfe with our wilde and filthy nature. Many yeeres did he preach, he ſuffered cold, hunger, and reproach, he was tempted, and faſted forty dayes in the wildernes, in the agony of his prayers he ſweat bloud, he was tortured, ſold, and impriſoned, his head was crowned with ſharpe thornes, his body torne with ſcourges, he was mocked, buffeted, and ſpet in the face, his body hung on the Croſſe betwixt two theeues, and his armes out-ſtretched, his hands and feete peirced with nailes of iron, and his ſide and heart wounded to death; neither was we bought with ſiluer, gold, or pretious ſtones, but with the infinite price of the bloud, and life of our *Sauiour Jeſus Chriſt*, the onely ſonne of our ever-living God. O it was our ſinnes and wickednes put him to death, and laid all his cruell torments on him, it was our wickednes made him faſt forty dayes when he was tempted in the wildernes, we crowned his Imperiall head with ſharpe thornes, we bound his delicate armes with cords, wee mocked him, wee ſtripped him naked, and ſcourged his bleſſed bodie, we buffeted and ſpat in his moſt glorious face, we laid the Croſſe on his patient ſhoulders, we caſt lots for his vpper garments, we crucified him betwixt theeues, and nailed his innocent hands and feet to the Croſſe: it was for vs he ſweat bloud and water

water in his prayers, and it was we, even onely we who peirced and wounded his heart, and it was wee who made him in his cruell paines of death, cry out in his laſt paſſion, *My God, my God, why haſt thou forſaken me:* All this, and much more hath our wickednes done to the incomprehenſible Majeſtie of Almighty God. Heare with what great admiration the Prophet *Iſay* cries out, ſpeaking of the Paſſion of Jeſus Chriſt long before his comming: *Who will* (ſayes he) *beleeue our report, and to whom is the arme of the Lord reuealed?* Then he begins and tells of his ſufferings & torments for our ſinnes, ſaying: *Surely he hath borne our infirmities, and caried our ſorrowes, yet we did judge & eſteeme him plagued, and ſmitten of God, and humbled, but hee was wounded for our tranſgreſſions, it was for our iniquities he was puniſhed,* The burthen of our ſinnes was laide on his backe like a ſimple ſheepe, ſo was he led to the ſlaughter, in patient ſilence ſuffered he all ſorts of paines, neither was wickednes with him, fraud nor deceit was never found in his mouth: this Innocent was put to death amongſt theeues and malefactors, for the ſinnes of the world: The Evangelift S. *John* ſayes, *For God ſo loued the world, that he hath giuen his onely begotten ſonne Jeſus Chriſt, that whoſoeuer beleeueth in him, ſhould not periſh, but haue life euerlaſting.* And what ſhall this life everlaſting be? the Apoſtle tells thee, *That eye hath not ſeene, nor eare hath not heard, nor yet the heart of man can not imagine what happineſſe and glory is prepared for them that ſhall be ſaued.* Now deare and loving Reader, conſider with what little

53. *Cap.*

3. *Cap.*

1. *Corin.* 2. *Cap.*

paines thou may (in this little moment of thy life) prevent the everlaſting paines of hell, and make conqueſt of the eternall glory of heaven, to ſee and behold the vnſpeakable Majeſtie of God, ſet on his triumphant Throne, environed & compaſt with the glorified Saints, & the innumerable Martirs, who hath ſuffered for the faith of his ſonne *Jeſus Chriſt*, when the woman in travaile and bitter paines of hir birth is releeved of her naturall burthen: how will the pleaſure of her child expell the paines, and giue her comfort? Even ſo after the weariedneſſe of this world, the paines and anguiſh, then comes the joyfull pleaſure of heavens, which expells all our vexations, comforts our ſoules, and wipes all the teares from our eyes, what perſecution? what croſſe or worldly temptation ſhould hold or keepe vs backe from ſuch an infinite treaſure, from ſuch an endleſſe joy: Let vs ſay with that conſtant and bleſſed ſervant of Jeſus Chrift, *Who ſhall ſeperate vs from the loue of Chriſt, ſhall tribulation, or anguiſh, or perſecution, or famine, or nakednes, or perrill, or ſword, as it is written: for thy ſake are wee killed all the day long, wee are counted as ſheepe for the ſlaughter: neuertheleſſe in all theſe things we are more then conquerours, through him that loued vs: for I am perſwaded that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things preſent, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature ſhall be able to ſeperate vs from the loue of God, which is in Chriſt Jeſus our Lord*. And a little before, this happy and godly Apoſtle ſayes in this ſame chapter, *For I count the afflictions of this preſent*

Iſay, 25. *cap.* *Reuel.* 7. *cap.* *Reuel.* 21. *cap.*

Roma. 8. *cap.*

preſent life are not worthy of the glory which ſhall be ſhowne to vs in the life to come: And for this reſpect, *when hee conſidered of the joy of heauen, hee eſteemed all the ritches, all the glorie, and all the honour of this world but vayled filth and ſtinking dirt:* How carefull then ſhould wee be of this word Eternall? and that in this moment wee ſhould be good proviſors: Our Saviour deſires vs ſaying, *Negotiamini dum venio,* Be diligent, and lay much treaſure to thee fore againſt I come, and ſeeke for a reckoning of thee: *For behold* (ſayes he) *I come quickly, and my reward is with mee, to giue euery man according to his workes:* And what ſhall this reward be, if thou be vpright, conſtant, and continue firme and faithfull to the end, *Be thou faithfull vnto the death, and I will giue thee the crowne of life,* In hope of this glorious Crowne, how gallantly ſhould thou fight againſt all the wofull miſeries of this world, and ſtill contemne all their earthly temptations: In the word of GOD the wiſe man forwarnes the ſaying, *My ſonne, when thou art to come to the ſeruice of GOD, ſtand faſt in juſtice, and in feare, and prepare thy minde for temptation.* Heere thou art forwarned in what eſtate thou ſhalt be in time of battell, and howe to lye at thy guard againſt thy three ghoſtlie enemies, *The Deuill, the World, and the Fleſh: Stand therefore, and your loynes girde about with veritie, hauing on the breaſt-plate of righteouſneſſe.* What ſhould hinder vs to fight againſt our owne infirmities, having ſuch a Captain to encourage vs, and fight for vs, to ſtrengthen vs, to holde vs vp,

Phil. 3. *cap.*

Luk. 19. *cap.*

Apoca. of S. John 21. *cap.*

2. *Cap.*

Ephe. 5. *cap.*

and helpe vs. Our Saviour ſayes, *You are they who haue ſtoode with me in my temptations, and therefore I prepare for you a Kingdome*. And I pray thee heare good Reader what a Kingdome, even to be pertaker of his owne glory, to ſit crowned with him in all eternall joy and happineſſe, but our infirmities, and weakneſſe, and want of faith, and our ſtrengthleſſe hearts, and our great faintneſſe hath made our Captaine Chriſt to ſay, *You haue left me in time of temptations:* this lets vs ſee how feeble wee are of our ſelues, and that without the helpe of God wee are nothing, nor can doe nothing. Our omnipotent God diminiſhed the Camp of *Jerubaall*, and with a very ſmall number made him overcome the great & ſtrong armie of the *Midianites*, leaſt *Jerubaall* ſhould haue ſaid, It is the ſtrength of man hath woone the victorie, and ſo taken away the honour, glory, & power from God, *Non nobis Domine, non nobis ſed nomine tuo da gloriam*. O man, baſe thy pride, for of thy ſelfe thou art naught elſe, but a miſerable and ſtrengthleſſe worme, and all thy reſolutions are but meere folly, for behold the fooliſh hearts, and thou ſhalt ſee what courſe, and what ſtraunge decree they will make to them ſelues. What vowes and promiſes ſealed with oathes will they make to performe wonders: but O let the fooliſh man heare what the wiſedome of God ſayes, *Many deuiſes are in a mans heart, but the counſell of the Lord God ſhall ſtand:* Thou mayeſt flatter thy ſelfe with many faire promiſes, but all is vaine, becauſe God almightie muſt be the chiefe actour of all things. This made the

Judg. 7. Cap.

Prou. 19. cap.

the Apoſtle Saint *Paul* ſay, *I am able to doe all things through the helpe of Chriſt which ſtrengthneth me*, and when it pleaſes God to lay a croſſe vpon the ſhoulders of any Chriſtian, that he may be glorified, and to be a chaine of loue to bring thee to him, and to keepe thee faſt with him: how will he helpe thee to beare thy Croſſe? how will he draw thee forward? and how will he peace and peace releeue thee and ſet thee free: is it not written, *Our God is faithfull, and he will not ſuffer vs to be tempted aboue our ſtrength*, Hee will lay no more on thee then thou art able to beare, he will not ſuffer one haire of thy head to periſh: he ſayes, *I chaſtice them whom I loue, for the Lord your God doth try and proue you to know, if you loue your Lord God with all your heart, and with all your ſoule.* Now in this meane time of his aduerſitie, what comfortable ſpeeches? and what great aſſurance giues he by his Prophet *Dauid*, *He called on me* (ſayes he) *and I heard him when he is in trouble, I am with him, and I will deliuer him, and ſet him free, and I will glorifie him.* Now when a man or woman is burthened with any worldly croſſe, can he goe to a better (or can he goe to a more loving and wiſer) Counſailer, to diſcharge the burthen of his griefe to, then to our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, who knowes what is meeteſt for thee: *Intellectum tibi dabo, et inſtruam te in via hac qua gradieris, firmabo ſuper te oculos meos*, I will (ſayes he) giue thee vnderſtanding, and I will teach thee how and what way thou ſhalt winne free of thy trouble, and I ſhall ever fixe my eyes vpon thee. Now wilt thou but looke on all the great rulers and

Philip. 4. cap.

1. Cor. 10. cap.

Deut. 13. cap.

principalities in this world. From the mighty and ritch Monarch to the baſe and poore begger. And tell me who can ſay he hath no Croſſe: beleeue me not any, for that man hath not beene, nor for the preſent is not, but he hath vexation, a griefe, and a continuall croſſe. What although hee appeare to the eyes of this worlde, moſt content in earthly glory, in ritches or authority, yet for all that, before night that day was never but hee had ſomwhat to repent him ſelfe of. Then thou who art croſt, will thinke in thy heart, and ſay: O this man or woman are happie, they haue no tribulation, they haue no fighting with this world, their minde is in peace and quietneſſe, they liue ſecure, and are crowned Kings of their owne deſires. O foole, thou art deceaued, for what is all our chiefeſt joy in this vale of miſerie? euen nothing elſe but a ſunne-ſhine pleaſure, bringing nothing with it but a grievous ſtorme of infinite cares: O but what remedie, euen this muſt be thy onely remedie, to ſay with the Prophet *Dauid, Tribulationem & dolorem inueni & nomen Domini inuocaui*, In the time of my tribulation and griefe, I called vpon the name of the Lord, hee is the true Phiſitian that muſt heale thy ſores, and be aſſured he will ſay to thee as hee ſaid to S. *Paul* in his great temptations, *Sufficit tibi gratia mea*, My grace is ſufficient to ſtrengthen thee, to keepe thee, and defend thee in thy greateſt conflict, and to be a ſtrong and mightie bulwarke againſt all temptations, and aboue all things, let vs that are ſinners and grievous offenders of GOD, thinke and

and aſſure our ſelues that it is onely our owne iniquities, and wicked life, which procures our croſſe of tribulation: O then let vs not murmure againſt GOD, but let vs looke to our owne ſinfull life, that is the onely originall of all our miſeries: how ought we then to repent, for it is onelie ſinne diſpleaſes GOD, and nothing can pleaſe him but repentance and mourning. Heere I will ſet thee downe this compariſon: *Take eye-ſalue and applie it to any feaſtred part of thy bodie, it will neither helpe nor releeue thee of thy paine, but take that eye-ſalue and applied to thy eye, it will helpe and releeue thy eye. Euen ſo take mourning, and applie it to the loſſe of ritches, it doth no good, applie mourning to the loſſe of friends, it doeth no good, applie mourning to the loſſe of honour, it doeth no good: but applie the teares of mourning to thy feaſtred ſoule, it will doe good, it will bathe thy feaſtred ſoule, it will embalme and mollifie her wounds, and giue thee a true comfort in thy ſweete Redeemer Jeſus Chriſt.* It is onely he who will heare thy lamentations, conſider thy diſtreſſe, and exhauſt vp thy remorſe in his mercy. When thou art wearied & faints, he is the true fountaine who will refreſh thy wearied ſpirit, he calls vpon all that are fatigated and oppreſſed: *If any man be thirſtie, let him come vnto me, and hee ſhall haue drinke.* How joyfull may the thirſtie ſinner be, to haue acceſſe to come and drinke of the true fountaine of life: heare yet againe what ſweete conſolation hee powres in thy heart by his Prophet: *I haue afflicted thee alreadie, and I will not afflict thee againe:* As he would ſay, there

John. 7. cap.

Nahum. 1. cap.

there ſhall not come from me a double tribulation. Now good Chriſtian, how may thy troubled ſoule repoſe vpon this loving and infallible promiſe. Holy and conſtant *Job*, in the middes of his torturing griefe, cries out to God, *Although he kill me, yet will I truſt in him:* and to animate thee, and to giue thee more ſtoutnes, that in aduerſitie thou be not overthrowne: The royall Prophet *Dauid* cries to thee with great courage, *Expecta Dominum, viriliter age, & confortetur cor tuum, & ſuſtine Dominum:* Truſt in the Lord, and fight manfully, our Lord will comfort thy heart, and therefore abide his will, for the Lord our God will not leaue thee, hee will not depart from thee? what great confidence hath this holy man had in GOD, for in the beginning of this Pſalme, he ſayes, *Seeing God is the protector of my life, who can harme me:* And againe, with great aſſurance he ſayes, *Si conſiſtant aduerſum me caſtra, non timebit cor meum: ſi exurgat aduerſum me prelium, in hoc ego ſperabo,* Giue whole armies were comming againſt me, I ſhall not care, but hope in God, then hee followes with this requeſt: *I haue ſought one thing of thee my God, that I may dwell all the dayes of my life in thy houſe, and that I may ſee the glory and beautie of thy Temple.* Then when this bleſſed man begins to thinke vpon the wondrous benefits of God beſtowed on him with joy and gladnes of heart, he cries out and ſayes, *What ſhall I render the Lord for all his benefits beſtowed vpon me, I will take the cup of ſaluation, and call vpon the name of the Lord:* If wee poore ingratefull creatures, would meditate vpon the incompre-

Job. 18. *cap.*

comprehenſible loue of GOD of his long ſuffering, and gentle patience. How ſlow is he to wrath, and how ſwift is he to mercy, what wrongs doeth he receaue? *They haue* (ſaieth he) *repayed euil for good.* Then when he perceaued their great vnthankfulneſſe, their dulneſſe and hardneſſe of heart, and that all what he did, could not moue his people to turne to him. Then he cryeth out in great paſſion, *O ye Heauens be aſtoniſhed at this, be affraied, and vtterly confounded.* And yet with more vehemence be his Prophet, he ſayeth, *Heare O Heauens, and harken O Earth, for the Lord hath ſaid, I haue nuriſhed and broght vp children, and they haue rebelled againſt me: The oxe knoweth his owner, and the aſſe knoweth his maiſters crib, but yet my people knoweth not me: woe be to this ſinfull nation, a people loaden with iniquitie, a wicked ſeed, and corrupt children, they haue forſaken their Lord, they haue prouocked the holy one of Iſrael to anger, and they haue gone backwarde.* What an heavy lamentation is this, how grievous was this complaint to the Almighty GOD to make vpon baſe and filthy, wake and worthleſſe, creeping vermeine of the Earth, whom the twinkling of his eie, might haue deſtroyed, and with the ſmalleſt breath of his anger, brought an infinite number of worlds to nothing. *Who can ſtand before his wrath,* ſaieth the Prophet *Nahum, or who can abide the fearceneſſe of his wrath? his wrath is powred out like fire, and the rocks and mountaines are broken with his anger.* How oft hath our ſinnes (even now in this preſent age) procured that heavy and terrible wrath of GOD, even that

Jere. 2. *cap.*

Eſay. 1. *cap.*

Nahum. 1. *cap.*

wrath, I ſay, which moues the Mountaines and makes the hilles to trimble. Look (good Reader) and thou ſhalt ſee how the ſparkes of GODS furious wrath is ſpred throgh many parts of this world, we may with teares houle and lament, and with vexation of minde complaine and cry out with that holy Prophet, *Eſay.* 64. *cap.* *Thine holy cities ly waiſt, Zion is become a wilderneſſe, and Jeruſalem a deſert, the houſe of our Sanctuarie, and of our glory where our foreſathers praiſed thee, is brunt and conſumed with fire, and all our pleaſant things are waiſted and deſtroyed.* How heavily doeth this man of GOD complaine, how doeth he bewaill this deſolation and deſtruction, and in the bitter paſſion of his heart, he crieth out, *Wilt thou hold thy ſelfe ſtill at theſe things, O Lord; what wilt thou holde thy peace, and afflict vs aboue meaſure?* As he wold ſay, wilt thou not take compaſſion vpon vs, and wilt thou not withdraw thy heavy wrath from vs? What, without all kinde of mercy ſhall we be vtterlie deſtroied? No, not ſo, becauſe in his ſuperaboundant loue, and wonderfull great pietie, hee comforteth vs, and ſaieth, *Eſay.* 60. *cap.* *In my wrath I haue puniſhed thee, but in my mercie I had compaſſion on thee.* And yet farther with great regrate he maketh a ſweete and comfortable promiſe, *Whereas thou haſt been forſaken and hated, ſo that no man reſpected thee, I ſhall make thee an Eternall glorie, and a joy from generation to generation.* And 61. *cap.* what more will our GOD of mercie doe? *And they ſhall* (ſayeth hee) *builde the oulde waiſt places, and raiſe vp the former deſolations, and they ſhall repaire all the Cities that were deſolate, and waiſt through many*

many generations. What great ſtore of Conſolation doeth this promiſe of GOD giue to vs? and with what meekneſſe of heart doeth he ſay, *Indignatio non eſt mihi*, I am not angrie, wrath is not mine, I will freely forgiue thee, I will forgett all thy ſinnes, and caſt them behinde my back, I ſhall blot all thy wickedneſſe out of my memory, and beleeue me, I ſhall never thinke on thine offences any more. *Haue I any deſire that the wicked ſhould dye, (ſayeth our Lord God) or ſhall he not liue, if he returne from his wickedneſſe*. And againe he perſwadeth vs, ſaying, *Caſt away all your tranſgreſſions, whereby you haue tranſgreſſed, and make you a new heart and a new ſpirit*. Let the teares of remorſe purge the filth of ſinne from our ſoule. O that we in all humilitie wolde conſider, what and how many earneſt perſwaſions our loving GOD hath laid, and ſtill layeth before vs to turne home to him! Againe, hes our abbominations and wicked life baniſhed vs from his loue? O yet let vs not deſpare of his mercy! *Although our ſinnes were red as ſcarlet, God will make them white as ſnowe*. *Come vnto me all ye* (ſaieth our Sauiour) *that are wearie and loden, and I will refreſh you*. And then he beginneth to reproue the ſluggard, *Goe labour in my vyne-yarde, why ſtand ye all the day idle?* Although we come with the laſt, yet we will be rewarded with the firſt. Let vs throwe and caſt away all hinders that lats vs and ſtaies vs from GOD. Let vs (I ſay) in time mend our life, our good GOD will helpe vs, he will make all impoſſibilities, poſſible. *Marie Magdalen*, and *Marie* the mother of *James*

Exek. 18. *cap.*

Eſay. 1. *cap.* *Math.* 20. *cap.*

Mark. 16. *cap.*

all the way, how carefull were they to gette the great ſtone rolled away from the ſepulcher dore; and how ſoone they came to the dore, there they found the ſtone rolled and turned away. Even ſo in this happy journey of our converſion. Let vs caſt away all worldly cares, and take vp our croſſe and follow Chriſt, *His yocke is ſweete, and his burthen is light, we ſhall not walke in darkneſſe.* Let vs ſay with S. *Auguſtine, Et tu Domine vſque quoquam diu? quam diu? Cras & cras, quare non modo? quare non hac hora? finis eſt turpitudinis meæ.* O Lord, how long wilt thou ſuffer me thus? How long? How long? ſhall I ſay to morrow, to morrow, why ſhould I not convert now? Why ſhould there not be an end of my filthy lyfe, even at this very inſtant? And let vs all ſay with the holy Prophet *Dauid*, O Lord create a new heart in me, and renew my ſpirit, and that we *May caſt off the ould man, and put on the new man.* O Lord giue vs grace hereafter that we may walke circumſpectly, and not like mad and inſolent fooles, in ignorance, blindneſſe and errour, that we may redeme the time that we haue ſpent in ſleuthfulneſſe, and idleneſſe. *Try me, O GOD, and ſearch my heart,* (ſaieth *Dauid*) *proue me, and examine my thoghts: Conſider if there be any way of wickedneſſe in me, and then O Lord lead me in the way of eternitie.* I pray GOD let vs never like dogs turne to our vomet, ſtay ſtill with vs O Lord, becauſe it is neere the night. When S. *Peter* ſaies, *And if the righteous ſcarcely can be ſaued, where ſhall the vngodlie and the ſinner appeare.* What a perellous ſpeech is this, for vs poore and miſerable

Epheſ. 4. cap. *Epheſ. 5. cap.*

1. *S. Pet. 4. cap.*

rable ſinners, who ſtill heapes ſinne vpon ſinne. Therefore deare brother, let vs cry, O Lord enter not into judgement with vs, take all our ſinnes and iniquities, and bury them in the bleeding wounds of thy dearly beloved Sonne Jeſus Chriſt. Let the temporall puniſhments of this life, deliver vs, and redeme vs from the eternall paines of hell. Let vs all ſay with S. *Auſtein, Hic vre, hic ſeca, vt in æternum parcas.* O good GOD mollifie our hearts, and let vs not be hardned when we heare thy voyce, giue vs that ſtrength of grace, that the filthy vapors of our ſinnes extinguiſh not thine holy ſpirit in vs. *Da ſeruo tuo Domine cor docile:* Giue vnto thy ſervant, O Lord, a tractable heart to receaue inſtruction. And O GOD we pray thee to remember thy promiſe, *Ad quem reſpitiam niſi ad pauperculum & contritum corde & timentem ſermones meos?* To whom will I haue regard, or ſhew my favour, but vnto the poore and humble of heart, vnto the contreat ſpirit, and to ſuch as trimble at my ſpeeches? Thou never yet, O Lord, deſpiſed the ſacrifice of a contreat heart. So long as the ſinner remaines within the darkned and miſty vapors of all wickedneſſe, he can not beholde the odeous and vylde leproſie, nor the filthy apparell which ſinne cleideth his ſoule with all, the devill blinds him: but when he reteares himſelfe from wickedneſſe, and walkes on the faire way of Repentance, or when he ſtands vpon the Mountaine of Amendement, and then lookes forth from the turrat of a good-life, beholding the filthy ſhape, and the ougly portrate of ſin, O how

Eſay. 66. *cap.*

O how will he then deteſt himſelfe that hath bene ſo long ſwatring in that filthie myre, in that ſtinking puddle of ſinne, putrified with all abhominations, and how loathſome will ſuch company be to him thereafter, he will eſchew them as a contagious peſt, and ſay with the Prophet *Dauid, Diſcedi te à me omnes qui operamini iniquitatem quoniam exaudiuit Dominus vocem fletus mei*, Goe from me all ye workers of iniquitie, becauſe my GOD hath heard my weeping voice, and hath receaved my prayer; or elſe he will intreate the wicked man with gentle perſwaſions, with good examples, and loving admonitions to ſhake off that filthie and contagious habite which infects the ſoule, and keepes him back, and debarres him from the loue of GOD, and makes the Death of Chriſt to be for him in
1. cap. vaine. S. *Johs* the Evangeleſt ſayeth, It is onely to them who beleeveth in him, that hee hath given power to be the ſonnes and children of GOD. It is moſt ſure that onely want of faith maketh the ſinner obſtinate, he is a lyer and can not beleue in GOD. O thou poore and diſtreſſed creature looke vpon thine owne miſerable eſtate, how thou gallops poſt to hell, and will not looke back but goeth on thy cairleſſe journey! When we walke alone on the fields, when we walk ſolitare in our chalmer, when we ly in our bed, will we but meditate vpon the fearfull and terrible Majeſtie of GOD (whom all the Heavens can ſcarce containe) of his vnſpeakable glory, of his Almightie power. And it is onely this great and Omnipotent *Jehouah* that we offend,

To

To thee onely haue I ſinned, ſaith *Dauid.* And let vs remember how for the eating of a ſillie apple, contrare the Lords commandement, he condemned all mankinde, and nothing could appeaſe his wrath, nor yet ranſome the world, but the bloud and death of his owne dearly beloved Sonne Jeſus Chriſt. When wee thinke on this ſeveritie, and of GODS terrible anger againſt ſinne, how loath ſhould we be to offend GOD, and yet in very contempt of GOD the wicked man will perſeveir in all kinde of wickedneſſe, and ſtill deferre his Repentance, till at laſt there ſhall be no time given him, yea, not the halfe quarter of an houres minute granted to him. Heare how the Prophet *Dauid* ſaieth of ſuch men, *Convertentur ad veſperam, & famem patientur vt canes & circuibunt civitatem:* And in the evening they ſhall convert, they ſhall runne about the Cittie, and barke like dogs, they ſhall houle for meate, but ſurely they ſhall not be ſatisfied. O that in time we wold take heed to this wofull ſpeech! And what more? GOD will mock them, and hold them in derifion. It is to theſe that our Saviour will ſay, *Neſcio vos,* I knowe you not. Why? Becauſe you had no Oyle in your lampes. And when he hath knowen them, and all their wicked deedes (which ſhall be accuſers of them, and laid open to beare teſtimonie againſt them) O what will he then ſay to them? *Ite maledicti in ignem æternum:* Goe you accurſed vnto the eternall fire of Hell. And beſides all this, remember the ſharpe reckoning muſt be made, when the leaſt idle word we

Mat. 25. *cap.*

we ſpeake, we muſt giue a count of it. O GOD according to the multitude of thy mercies, be mercifull to vs miſerable ſinners, in that fearfull and terrible day of judgement. In time convert vs O Lord, and we ſhall be converted. How happie is that man who can withſtand the dangers of this life with a well reſolved minde, and ſtill calles on GOD to aſſiſt him in all his actions, for the temptations of this world, are many, and wondrous ſtrong. The devill is ſubtle, and we are eaſily inſnared, and this our fleſh is exceeding ſubject to many infirmities. So that without Gods helpe we are not able of our ſelues to fight. Then with the Prophet *Dauid*, Let vs all ſay, O Lord fight for vs, how feeble, how weak, and faint-hearted are we? When the leaſt blaſt of affliction ruines all our ſtrength, we can not ſtand after we ar raiſed vp, but preſently falles againe and turnes to our former wickedneſſe, notwithſtanding of our repentance, and promeiſt amendement. We haue no force to command our ſelues. We periſh in our owne paſſions, and moſt cowardly yeeldes to all ſorts of ſinnes. Thus are we made ſlaues to our owne infirmities, in ſo far that we make no kinde of reſiſtance to the ſmaleſt motion. Concerning the paſſion of anger S. *Paul* writting to the *Epheſians*, he ſayeth, *Be angry, but ſinne not, neither let the Sunne goe downe vpon your wrath.* This paſſion of anger is exceeding perillous, for in that time that it doeth poſſeſſe the heart, it careth for nothing, nor hath no reſpect to thinges preſent, nor thinges to come: the fury of anger is the

4. *cap.*

the higheſt degrie of ſelf-madneſſe. The *Italian* ſpeaking of the nature and condition of anger, He ſayeth, *Ira è breve furor, è chi nol frena, è furor longa, che el ſuo poſſeſſorè ſpeſſo à vergogno è talhor mena à morte*, Anger is a ſhort furie, and to him who will not brydle it, it is a longſome furie, which bringeth the poſſeſſour, either to ſhame or death. That happie and learned Father Saint *Auguſtein*, makes a very godlie and religious diſcourſe in his conflict of vertue and vyce; firſt he maketh anger to ſpeake, *Quæ æquanimiter erga te ferri non poſſunt hæc patienter omnino tollerare peccatum eſt, quia niſi eis cum magna exaſperatione reſiſtatur, contra te deinceps ſine menſura cumulantur:* Who will not behaue themſelues well towardes you, it is a ſinne to ſuffer ſuch wrongs with patience, becauſe if thou reſiſt them not with great bitterneſſe, and malitious heatred of heart, they will (without all kinde of meaſure) heape more vengence on thee. But deare Chriſtian, heare how he maketh Patience to anſwere, *Si paſſio Redemptoris ad mentem reducitur, nihil tam durum quod non æque toleretur, quanta enim ſunt hæc quæ patimur comparatione illius? ille opprobria, irriſiones, contumelias, allapas, ſputa, flagella, ſpiniam coronam, crucemque ſuſtinuit, & nos miſeri vno ſermone fatigamur, vno verbo deijcimur.* But if thou woldeſt call to minde the Paſſion of our Maiſter and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt, there is nothing in the world ſo greivous or heavie that thou woldeſt not ſuffer: Alas, what can we ſuffer in reſpect of him, he ſuffered ſhame,

and mocking, contumelies, buffets, ſpitting in his face, ſcourges, and the crowne of thorne; and laſt of all, he was crucified: and we poore ſoules are over-throwne with ſimple ſpeech, a word caſts vs downe. O what a bright mirror may the Patience of Chriſt be to man, even in his greateſt wretchedneſſe and miſery. Let him call to minde the Paſſion of our Saviour, and then we ſhall ſee what great oddes is betwix his ſuffering and our ſuffering. It is onely the example of ſuch a kinde and loving maſter, will giue thee patience, if thou confideſt in Chriſt and art a true Chriſtian, *Doctrina viri per patientiam noſcitur*. Againe, will we deeply conſider, and we ſhall finde that in this tranſetoreous life, that our eſtate is but meere miſery, and a continuall change of ſorrow; ſo our beſt is not elſe, but vexation of minde, and greef vpon greef. We are heere in this world like the diſeaſed creature, warſling, and ſtil turning on a bed of ſorrow, burdained with ſicknes, and can finde no repoſe, no ſatled lare, nor no reſt to our reſtles tortring-tribulations. Or we are here like the wearied *Pilgrim*, who in many forraine Countries, far from his owne ſoyle, liveth exiled from his naturall home, and ſtill wandering through many ſtrange parts, in ſundry perels, and divers dangers of his life, ſpending his dayes, and moſt parte of his nights in reſtleſſe travell, he walketh the ſolitary deſerts, and wanders along the ſpatious wilderneſſe; ſome-times oppreſſed with the vehemency of heat, and ſome-times tormented with the extremity of colde, when charitable harts affords

affords him hoſpitality, and refreſhment to his hungry bowels, how contented will he be, and how welcome will that reſt and repoſe be, then he beginneth to recall his paſt perrels to a reckoning, when all his paines are turned to pleaſure, and when his longſome journey ends, which brings an end to all his miſeries, when his fatigations is refreſhed, and his peregrinations hath no farther courſe, then rypeth he a fruitfull harveſt, a joyfull ſeaſon, and all the wearied *Pilgrims* paines are tranſformed in pleaſure. We are all on earth going our pilgramage, toſting and tumbling vpon the large and depe Seas of this world, threatned with the devouring gulfes of temptations, and ſtill allured with the glittering vanities of this preſent life. Chriſt Jeſus being our carefull Pilot, he crieth to vs poore paſſingers, and bids vs take heed to our journay, that we periſh not in our paſſage, but that we may be ſtill earneſt and watchfull, how to arryue to that ſaif harbery of all tranquillitie, that heavenly and eternall joy, which ſhall finiſh all our troubleſome travels. How may the thought of this progreſſe make vs to hate, to diſdaine, and contemne the vain-glory of this world. O how ſhould we cloſe our eies, and winke at ſuch abuſe, ſuch ſuperſtitious vanities. Tell me, who ever lived in greateſt pompe? or who ever yet (to this houre) had moſt command over this world, but was forced to dye, and after death, be (as it were) quyte forgotten. Holy *Job* ſayeth, *That their memory ſhould be like aſhes, troad vnder foote.* And the Prophet *Da-*

vid ſaieth, *That they ſhould be as duſt blowen abroad with the winde*. For what is all our glory? or what is all our ornaments? Noght elſe but filth. Our ſilkes and velvots which we wrap our ſelues in, is noght elſe bot the excraments of wormes, and all our eſtimations are but borrowed from beaſts, our ritches comes from the centure of the earth. And ſo all this that makes vs proud is but very filth. Then what art thou, O man? Or what ſhall I compare thy ſelf to? to noght elſe but to duſt, and all thy glory is but earth & duſt, blowne before the winde, thou art a maſſe of earth, wraped vp in earth. This made the wiſdom of GOD ſay to mankinde, *Quid ſuperbit terra et cinis?* Why doeth earth and duſt become proud? When we haue tryed all things in this world, then with experience we will ſay, all things are vaniſhing like ſmooke, & nothing is durable except the glory of GOD, all muſt turne to noght. What then ſhall reſt to that ſoule who truſts in this earthly Paradice? Let his terreſtiall eſtate firſt conſider the ſight of the ſtar-ſpangled-heavens, the glorious Sun, the light-borrowing Moone, the bewtie of women, delicat meates, ſavory guſts of ſweet frutes, pleaſant harmonies of fine & wel-ſounding inſtruments, odeferous and fair flooriſhed gardens, braue buildings, laſſivous danſing, mirry companions, quick-witted-diſcourſes, and many more pleaſures, all muſt end, all muſt be changed: Heare this Proclamation, *The voice of God ſaid, Cry: and the Prophet ſaid, O Lord what ſhall I cry? Cry out, that all fleſh is graſſe, and all the glory thereof is like the flower on the field:*

Eſay.40. cap.

field: the graſſe widreth, and the flower faideth. The Prophet *Dauid* ſaieth, *Vniverſa vanitas, omnis homo vivens.* And what ſaid great king *Salomon* in the top of his glory, *All was but vanitie of vanities.* And S. *James* calleth our life noght elſe but a vapor. How ſwiftlie are we gone, ſome by one meanes, ſome by other, man againſt man, beaſt againſt beaſt, every one becomes a prey to other, all muſt pay that doubtleſſe debt of Death, no creature can eſcape, there is nothing more certaine, & there is nothing more vncertaine; we knowe not when, nor where, becauſe *ſtatutum eſt omnibus ſemel mori*, it is ordained that we ſhall all once dye. Then in our greateſt mirth let vs ever ſay to our ſelues, *Memento homo quod pulvis es, & in pulverim reverteris.* O man, remember that thou art but duſt, and in duſt thou ſhalt returne againe. It is ſaid of the ambitious wretch,

Mendicant ſemper avari.

THe mal-content hunts Fortune *here and there,*
His euer-tortring-thoghts diſturbs his braine,
Till all his hopes he drown'd in deepe deſpare,
Then Time *tels him his travels are in vaine.*
O earthly-wretch, what glory canſt thou gaine?
When fruteles-labor thy ſhort life hath ſpent:
A reſtles minde with ſtil-tormenting paine,
Even whom a world of worlds could not content.

From ſuch baſe thoghts heavens make my heart aſpire,
And with a ſweete contentment crowne deſire.

Let

Let vs beholde, and we ſhall ſee how in one day, (yea, even in one inſtant time) ſome making riatous bankets, ſome triumphing in all pleaſures, ſome going to the ſcaffold to be executed, ſome women travelling with childe, & with great paines bringing their children to the world, ſome lying in ſore ſickneſſe, exſpecting death, the priſoner in bonds, looking when he ſhould bid his laſt fair-well to the world, ſome carying their children with honour to receaue the *Sacrament* of *Baptiſme*, the bryd-grome going with his bryde to ſolemneſſe Matrimony. And againe, at that ſame inſtant, we ſhall ſee murnfull companies, celebrating the funeralles of the death, carying the dead carcatches, both of age and youth to the graue. It may truely be ſaid of our inconſtant eſtate.

Læta ſit iſta dies neſcitur origo ſecundi
An labor, an requies, ſic tranſit gloria Mundi.

Sometimes are we merry, and ſometimes are we ſad, *Nunquam in eodem ſtatu.* We are not perticepant of the ſecrets of GOD, It is onely his providence derects vs, we knowe not what ſuddaine change may come, ſuch a ſwift courſe hath Time, and in this meane-time, the glory of this world goeth away, the moſt part of our life is ſpent in ſleep, and how many in their mid-age is taken away, ſcarce are we come in the world, when we returne againe to the graue, very few comes to the period of Nature. O when we truely thinke on Death, and calleth to minde that perellous paſſage, how fearfull is it, and what a ſtrange horror brings it to the heart

of

of mankinde, and cheefly to the vnreſolved, who lives in all liberty of pleaſure, environed with all worldly contentment, *O mors quam amara eſt memoria tua homini pacem habenti in ſubſtantiis ſuis:* O Death how bitter is thy memory to that man who hes hurded vp ritches? how loath will he be to leaue his beautiful buildings, his faire allurements, and his many pleaſures? What a greefe is it to his heart that he muſt departe and leaue them all behinde, and he needs muſt goe and compeir before that great and terrible Judge to giue a ſharpe reckoning how he conqueſt all that ritches. *O man thinke on thy end and thou ſhalt neuer ſinne.* Remember that thy glaſſe ſhall once be runne, and that thy Sonne ſhall ſet, and the horror of Death ſhall over-ſhadow thee, and that there ſhall no pleading be heard after ſentence is once given, *Quia ex inferno nulla eſt redemptio*, Thy paines ſhall haue no end, thy torments ſhall haue no diminiſhing. Therefore to you I call, to you that careles lives, and premeditats vpon miſchief, and how to execute the damnable exploits of the ever-laboring minde. To you who are the ritch-gluttons of this world, and to you who feeles not with what ſence I ſpeik, conſider from whence you came, where you are for the preſent, and where you ſhall goe. You are here on Earth, *Vbi ſpectaculum facti eſtis Deo, angelis & hominibus,* where you are in ſight of GOD, of Angels and of Men. Now when ye are going, looke well to your journey, your paſſage is all ſtraude over with thornes, it is a perelous way, full of *Ominus*-threatnings, planted

planted with an hedge of many prodegyous objectes, *Non eſt vitæ momentum, ſine motu ad mortem*, There is no moveing of lyfe without a motion to Death. Liue well, that you may dye well. For looke in what eſtate you dye, ſo GOD will finde you; and as he findeth you, ſo he cenſureth you; and as he cenſureth you, ſo he liueth you for ever and ever. His decreit ſhall never be controlled, nor his ſentence ſhall never be recalled. As a growing tree when it is cut downe falleth to that ſide where it did extend the branches when it was in growth; Even ſo if thou deſireſt to fall right, learne in thy grouth to extend ſuch frutefull branches as may ſway thee to the right ſide, and make thee fall well. Sweete (ſaieth Saint *Chriſoſtome)* is the end of the laborers, when he ſhall reſt from his labors. The wearied traveller longeth for his nights lodging, and the ſtorme-beatten-ſhip ſeeketh vp for ſhore, the hyreling oft queſtioneth when his yeares will finiſhe and come out; the woman great with childe, will often muſe and ſtudie vpon her deliverie. And he that perfitelie knoweth that his life is but a way to death, will with the poore priſoner ſit on the doore-threſhold, and expect when the Jaylor ſhall open the doore; every ſmall motion maketh him apprehend that the commander with the ſerjants are comming to take him from ſuch a loathſome priſon. He looketh for death without feare, he deſireth it without delight, and he excepeth it with great devotion; he acteth the laſt (and tragicall) parte of his life on a dulefull ſtage

ſtage before the eyes of the world, his geſture thirls the beholders heart with ſad compaſſion, his words of woe ſeaſoned with ſighes, doth bathe the cheeks of the hearers with ſtill diſtilling-teares, with a generall relation of his former wickednes, he giues a loude confeſſion of his ſecret ſinnes, with weeping eyes, he calls for help of prayer, and like a hunger-ſtarued begger, he howles and cries to that honourable houſholder, ſaying, O good God open the gates of thy mercies to the greatnes of my miſeries. Caſt vp the Ports of thy vnſpeakable pittie to my wearied ſpirit: receaue my ſoule in thy hands, and anoynt her feaſtred wounds with the blood of thy immaculate Lambe Chriſt Jeſus.

IT's true indeede this age is very ſtrange,
For why? behold great men of ritch renowne,
Time comes by turnes with vnexpected change,
And from their Tower of pride doth pull them downe:
Then what are we? but fooles of ſelfe-conceate,
All what we haue ſtands in a ſtag'ring ſtate.

Wee weeping come into this world of cares,
And all our life's but battels of diſtreſſe,
Scarſe is our prime when winſring age declares
What weightie griefe our body doth oppreſſe,
Bred with ſinne, borne with woe, our life is paine,
Which ſtill attends vs to our Graue againe.

Then earthly ſlime wherein conſiſts thy pride?
Sith all thy glory goes into the ground,

That bed of wormes wherein thou ſhalt abide,
Thy faireſt face moſt filthy ſhall be found:
Our ſunne-ſhine joyes, time ſwiftly ſweepes away,
This night we liue, and dies before the day.

Homo natus de muliere breui tempore viuens
repletur multis miſerijs.

CAn thou part from thy beſt beloved friends to goe in a farre Country, and not remember how it reſembles the parting from this world to a more ſtrange place. When thou riſes in the morning what knoweſt thou will chaunce thee before night. And if thou eſcape the dayes perrill, what knoweſt thou will chaunce before the morning: *Omnem crede diem tibi diluxiſſe ſupremum*, When thou goeſt to bed, remember how it is the verie image of thy graue: thy merrie companions are parted, thy day being gone, and come is thy night, thy riotous banqueting is finiſhed, and thou in a ſolitarie retreat, puts off thy gorgeous apparrell, and ſtrips thy ſelfe naked to thy ſhirt: ſo the pleaſures of this inconſtant world ſhall part, thou ſhalt be ſtripped naked of all thy ritches, and ſhalt carie nothing with thee, but a ſimple winding-ſheet this ſhall be, and this muſt be, *Vt hora ſic fugit vita:* Therefore euery day take a reckoning of thy ſelfe, and euery moment examine thy actions. Mark thy behaviour firſt towards God, and next towards thy neighbour. Conſider how the all-ſeeing eyes of heaven lookes vpon all thy doings: and euer beware

ware of that ſinne which thou knoweſt to predominate moſt in thee, ſeek by all meanes to oppreſſe it and overcome it: take away all the occaſions therof, or elſe it with the reſt of thy ſins, will draw thee to hells fire, where nothing elſe is, but gnaſhing of teeth, and eternall horrour. When thou haſt committed any greevous ſinne, haue thou a true repentance, a vnfained remorſe, and that thy heart ſhrill within thee with angry griefe againſt thy ſelfe, then thou may be aſſured that the ſpirit of God worketh in thee: for it is a ſign of true & vnfained repentance, when the ſinner (without all kinde of hypocriſie) mends his wicked life, making firſt ſatisfaction to the great God by faſting and praying, making reſtitution to thy neighbour, giue to the poore for Gods cauſe, viſite the ſick, comfort and help the priſoner, and giue hoſpitality to the diſtreſſed ſtranger: *Is it not to deale thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poore that wander into thine houſe. When thou ſeeſt the naked, that thou couer him, and hide not thy face from thine owne fleſh*, For in the poore miſerable creature, thou ſeeſt thy ſelfe as in a Glaſſe: And what (ſayes the Prophet) ſhall be thy reward, *Then ſhall thy light breake forth, as the morning, and thine health ſhall grow ſpeedily, thy righteouſnes ſhall goe before thee, and the glory of thy great God ſhall embrace thee, &c.* Thy vpright conſcience ſhall giue thee a great ſecurity of thy ſoules helth, thy mercies ſhall meet thee, & doubtleſſe thy end ſhall be moſt happy: that bleſſed Euangeliſt S. *John* ſayes, *Bleſſed are the dead, who dies in the Lord, becauſe they reſt from their labours,* *Iſay.* 58. *Cap.* *Reuel.* 14. *cap.*

and their works follow them. Now (good Chriſtian Reader) I muſt end praying God that every one of vs all may haue an earneſt conſideration of our owne eſtate, what we are, where we are, and how we ſhall be heereafter: and once more I pray to our Lord God, that we may ſtill remember *(hoc momentum vnde pendet æternitas)* that this little moment of our life, is the ſhort ſpace, whereon dependeth all eternity of eternall joyes, or elſe eternall paines: If wee haue bin wickedly enclined, let vs with the deepe of our hearts repent and think how the Axe is at the roote of the tree, and let vs all endevour our ſelues with the grace of God, to amend our life, that our filthie nakednes may not be ſeene in that fearefull & terrible day of judgement, *Domine ſecundum actum meum noli me judicare, nihil dignum in conſpectu tuo egi:* O Lord judge me not according to my actions, I haue done nothing worthy of mercy in thy ſight. Cloath me with thy righteouſnes, that I may appeare righteous before thy pittifull eyes. *Jeſus eſto mihi Jeſus.* When the thundring voyce of thy Angels ſhall deſcend from the heavens, and cry out: *O vos mortui qui jacetis in ſepulchris, ſurgite & occurite ad judicium Saluatoris:* O you dead creatures that lies in your graues, riſe and runne ſwiftly to the judgement of the Saviour, who with all his glorious Saints and triumphing Martirs, ſhall ſit in his throne of vnſpeakable glory, and judge both the quick and the dead, to him be all honour, power, and glory now and for euermore, *Amen.*

FINIS.

THE SPIRIT OF GRACE

To the wicked ſinner.

ISAY. 55. CAP.

Let the wicked forſake his wayes, and the vnrighteous his owne imaginations, and returne vnto the Lord, and our God will haue mercie vpon him.

O Man the treaſure of Gods glorious eye,
Thou art ingrate, and to thy ſelfe vnkinde;
Poore Caitiue wretch who ſees and will not ſee,
Nor to eternall bliſſe will turne thy minde:
Riſe ſloathfull riſe, forth of thy ſenſleſſe ſleepe;
And for thy ſinnes, go ſigh, bewaile, and weepe.

Heare how thy Saviour *Jeſus Chriſt* doth call,
Come wearied and you burth'ned both to me,
Come, come, ſayes he, I will refreſh you all,
What ſweeter words would thou haue ſaid to thee?
Thou art that ſheep, which wandring went aſtray,
Chriſt on his back will bring thee to thy way.

Thou ſinfull man is ſo with ſinne allur'd,
That pleaſure of thy ſinne doth hold thee faſt;
Thy wit, thy will, thy reaſon all obſcur'd,
And now behold, forgets thy God at laſt:
Thou art intrapp'd within ten thouſand ſnares,
And blindlins rins to hell, thou never cares.

The flying motions of thy minde ſtill burnes,
And forward goes, her furie to fulfill:
Youth and deſire, whoſe raging humor turnes

To execute the horrour of their ill
With no les price, then with thy ſoule is bought,
And when all's got, they are but things of nought.

Both day and night thou doth thy ſelfe annoy,
To worke great miſchiefe with thy owne miſdeeds,
Leſſe travaile farre would gaine eternall joy,
Which ſweet reward, all earthly paines exceeds:
But thou art mad, and in thy madneſſe ſtrange,
To quit thy God, and take the devill in change.

At threatning ever ſenſleſſe, deafe, and dumb,
Thou never lookes on thy ſwift-running-glaſſe;
Nor terror of the Judgement for to come,
But ſtill thou thinks, thy pleaſure can not paſſe:
All is deceit, and thou haſt no regard,
Gods wrath at laſt, the ſinner will reward.

To pray to God: why? then thou art aſham'd,
For ſinne in thee ſhall ſuffer ſcandalies,
Thy ruſty filth of conſcience ſhall be blam'd,
Beſides, thy ſoule hath ſpoil'd her faculties:
Thus doth the devill ſo hold thee ſtill aback,
Euen to the death, and then thy ſoule doth take.

Alas poore ſoule, when God did firſt thee frame,
Moſt excellent, moſt glorious and perfit:
But ſince thou in that carnall body came,
Thy favour's loſt, ſpoil'd is thy ſubſtance quite:
O that thou would repent, and turne in time,
God will thee purge, & clange thee of thy crime.

God

God is a God of vengeance, yet doth ſtay,
And ſparing, waites if thou thy life will mend
With harmleſſe threatnings oft he doth aſſay,
And oft he doth ſweet words of comfort ſend:
If thou repent, his anger will aſſwage:
If not, he will condemne thee in his rage.

The ſonne of God, he for thy ſinfull ſake,
To ſaue thy ſoule, with care he did prouide,
Mans filthy nature on him he did take,
That he both cold, and hunger might abide:
He many yeers on earth great wonders wrought,
Still perſecute, and ſtill his life was ſought.

When as his time of bitter death drew neere,
The agony was ſo extreame he felt,
That when he pray'd vnto his Father deere,
In ſweating drops of bloud he ſeem'd to melt:
Nail'd on the Croſſe he ſuffer'd cruell ſmart,
When as they pierc'd his hands, his feet, his hart.

Great torment more was laid, on him alone,
For thee and all mankind who will beleeue:
Thou was not bought, with ſiluer, gold, nor ſtone,
But Chriſt his life and precious bloud did giue:
O let not then his bloud be ſhed in vaine,
Whil'ſt thou haſt time, turne to thy God againe.

THE

THE SORROVVFVLL SONG
OF A CONVERTED SINNER.

JOB. 7. CAP.

I haue ſinned, what ſhall I doe vnto thee? (O thou preſeruer of mankinde.)

LEd with the terrour of my grievous ſinnes,
Before Gods mighty Throne I do compeare,
The horrour of my halfe-burſt heart begins
To ſtrike my ſinfull ſoule with trembling feare.

Where ſhall I ſeeke ſecourſe, or finde redreſſe?
Who can my fearefull tort'ring thoughts devorce?
Who can me comfort in my great diſtreſſe?
Or who can end the rage of my remorce?

I at compaſſions dore hath begg'd ſo long,
That I am hoarce, and yet can not be heard
Amids my woes, ſad ſilence is my ſong,
From mirthleſſe-me, all pleaſure is debard.

O time (vntimely time) why was I borne?
To liue ſequeſtred ſolitar alone,
Within a wilderneſſe of cares forlorne,
Which grants no limit to my mart'ring mone.

My mart'ring mone with wofull words doth pierce
The aire, and next from hollow caues rebounds
This æquiuox my ſorrow doth rehearſe,
And fills my eares with tributarie ſounds.

Theſe

Theſe ſounds diſcends within my ſlaught'red hart,
And there transform'd in bleeding drops appeares
Next to my eyes drawen vp with cruell ſmart,
In water chang'd, and then diſtill'd in teares.

My teares which falls with force vpon the ground,
In numbers great of little ſparks doth ſpread,
And in each ſpark my dolefull pictures found,
I in each picture tragick ſtories read.

I read Characters both of ſinne and ſhame,
Drawne with the colours of my owne diſgrace,
In figures black of impious defame,
Which painted ſtands in my diſaſtred face.

I breathleſſe faint with burthen of their woes,
Such is my paine it will not be expell'd,
Doe what I can, I can finde no repoſe,
All hope of help againſt me is rebell'd.

Gods mercie's great, I will expell diſpaire
With praying ſtill: I ſhall the heavens moleſt
Both night and day, vnto my God repaire,
He will me heare, and help my ſoule oppreſt.

The thought of hell makes all my haires aſpire,
Where gnaſhing teeth ſad ſorrows doth out-ſound,
Where damned ſoules ſtill boiles in flaming fire,
And where all endleſſe torment doth abound.

Had they but hope, it might appeaſe their griefe,
That in ten thouſand yeares they ſhould be free:
But all in vaine, deſpaire without reliefe,
Gods word eternall, moſt eternall be.

When as our Chriſt in Judgement ſhall appeare,
Cloath'd with the Glory of his ſhining light,
And when each ſoule the trumpets ſound ſhall heare,
They with their corps muſt come before Gods ſight.

The Angels all, and happy troups of heaven,
Incirkled rounds theatred in each place,
A reck'ning ſharp of eu'ry one is given
Before the Saints, and Gods moſt glorious face.

The ſloathfull ſinner then ſhall be aſham'd,
Who in his life would neither mend nor mourne
To heare that ſentence openly there proclaim'd:
Goe wicked to eternall fire, and burne.

And to his bleſſed company, he ſayes,
The Angels to my Kingdome ſhall convoy
With endleſſe mirth, becauſe ye knew my wayes,
Come reſt with me in never-ending joy.

O let me Lord be one of thy elect,
And once againe thy loue to me reſtore,
Let thy inſpiring grace my ſpirit protect,
With thee to bide, and never part no more.

Once call to minde how deerly I am bought,
When thy ſweet corps was ſpred vpon the Rood,
Thy ſuff'ring torment, my ſaluation wrought
Thy paines, thy death, and ſhedding of thy blood.

O ſeeke not then my ſoule for to aſſaile
Againſt thy might: how can I make defence,
Thy bleeding death for me will naught auaile,
If thou ſhould damne me for my lewd offence?

Try not thy ſtrength, againſt me wretched worme,
I am but duſt before thy furious winde,
Nor haue I force to bide thy angry ſtorme,
Then rather farre, let me thy favour finde.

I Caitiue on this earth doth loure and creepe,
I proſtrate fall before the heavens defaite,
On thee ſweet Chriſt with mourning tears I weepe
To pittie this my weake and poore eſtate.

My poore eſtate which rob'd of all content,
And nothing elſe but dolours doth retaine,
The treaſure of my griefe is never ſpent,
But ſtill in ſecret ſorrow I complaine.

Heare my complaint, mark well my words, ô Lord,
Thou ſearcher of all hearts in euery kinde,
Thou to my true conuertion beare record,
And ſweepe away my ſinnes out of thy minde.

I ſacrifice to thee my Saviour ſweet,
And patient God who gaue me leaue to liue
My ſighing-teares, and bleeding heart contreit,
I haue naught elſe nor ritcher gift to giue.

Thou God the Father, thou created me,
And made all things obedient to mans will:
Thou Sonne of God to ſaue my ſoule didſt die,
And Holy Ghoſt thou ſanctifieſt me ſtill.

Thou Father, Sonne, thou Holy Ghoſt divine,
On my poore ſoule, let your ritch glory ſhine.

FINIS.

TO

TO THE ESTATE OF WORLDLIE ESTATES.

Fol. 67.

Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.

Eight ſtanzas—reprinted from "The Paſſionate Sparke," &c. 1604.

OF A BEE.

Fol. 68.b

MADRIGALL.

Two ſtanzas—reprinted from the ſame work.

HIS PASSIONADO,

Fol. 69.

when he was in Pilgrimage.

Quo fata vocant.

Twenty-five ſtanzas—reprinted from the ſame work.

Fol. 72.

FROM ITALY

to SCOTLAND *his Soyle.*

TO thee my *Soyle* where firſt
I did receaue my breath,
Theſe mournefull Obſequies I ſing
Before my *Swan*-like Death;
My loue by Nature bound,
Which ſpotles loue as dew,
Even on the Altar of my heart
I ſacrifice to yow.
Thy endleſſe worth through worlds
Beginning ſtill begunne,
Long may it ſhine with beames moſt bright
Of vneclipſed-Sunne.
And long may thou Triumph,
With thy vnconquer'd hand,
And with the Kingdomes of thy *King*
Both *Sea* and *Earth* command.
At thy great Triple-force,
This trimbling world ſtill ſtoup's;
Thy Martiall Arme ſhall over-match
The *Macedonian* troup's.
And thou the *Trophees* great
Of glory ſhall erect,
The Confeins of this ſpatious *Glob*,
Thy Courage ſhall detect.

O happie Soyle Vnyt
Let thy Emperiall breath
Expell ſeditious Muteners,
The excraments of wrath.
With *Honor*, *Trueth* and *Loue*,
Maintaine thy thre-fold-Crowne,
Then ſo ſhalt thou with wondrous worth,
Inritch thy ritch Renowne.
In ſpight of Envyes pride,
Still may thy floriſh'd *Fame*
Confound thy foes, defend thy right,
And ſpurne at Cowards ſhame.
Amidſt my ſorrowing greef,
My wandring in exyle,
Oft looke I to that Arth, and ſaies,
Fare-well ſweete *Britains* Iyle.

TO THE GHOST OF THE right Honorable JOHN GRAHAME *Earle of* MONTROIS, *ſometime Vice-Roy of* North-Britaine.

THy meriet great to Honor gaue a Crowne,
In Invyes-ſpight thy ſpotles-Faith did ſhine;
Thy ſtately Fame inthrond thy ritch renowne,
And Deaths triumph hath made thy ſoule divine.
Death kild thy mortall Corps,
But not thy glorious Name:
Whoſe life is ſtil with wings-born-vp
Of Honor, Faith and Fame.

Againſt

Fol. 73.

AGAINST TIME.

SONNET.

Reprinted from "The Paſſionate Sparke," &c. 1604.

Fol. 73.b

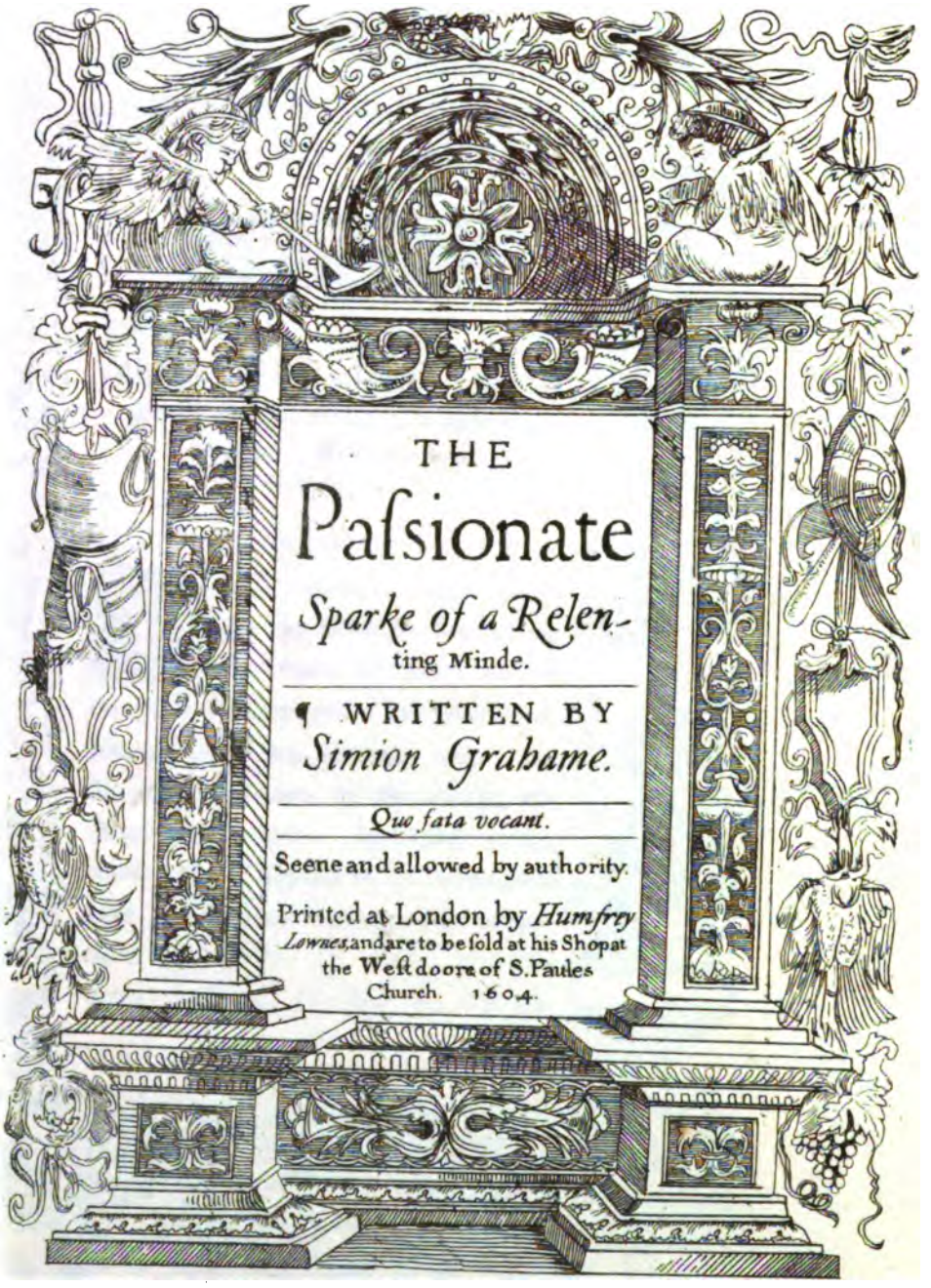
HIS DYING SONG.

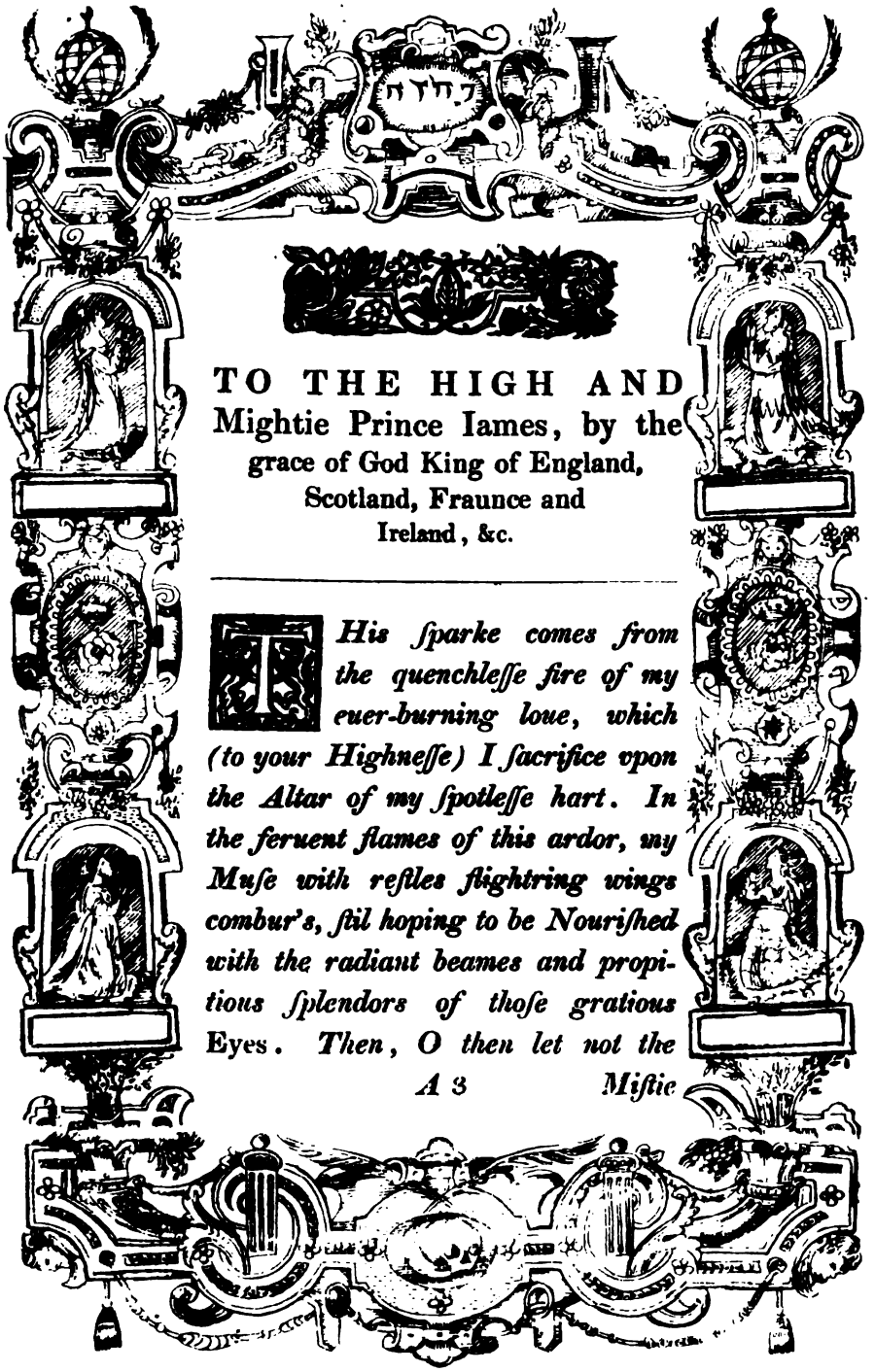
Circundederunt me dolores mortis, & pericula inferni invenerunt me.

Nine ſtanzas—reprinted from the ſame work.

FINIS.

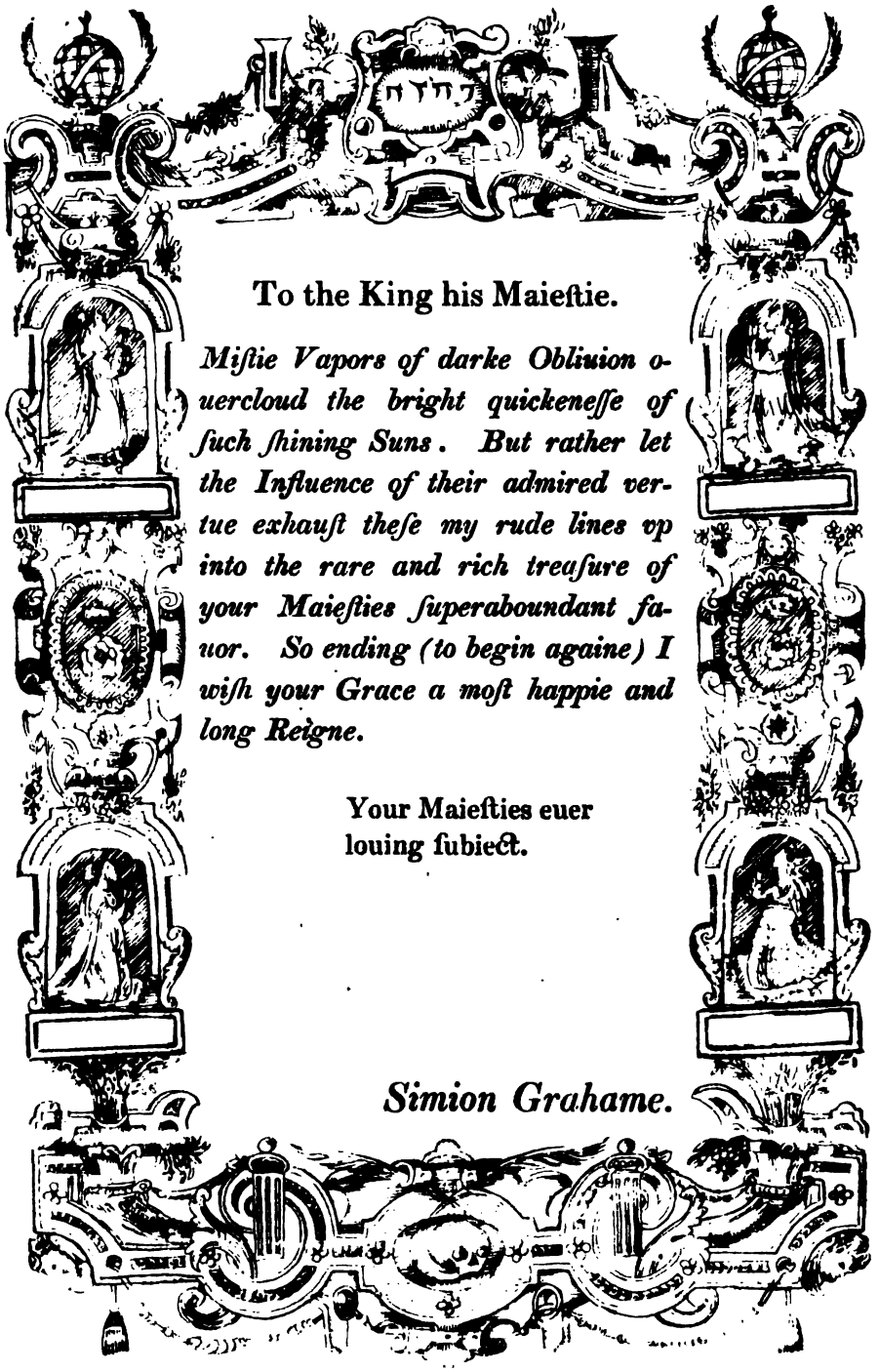

Floreat.


THE
Paſsionate
Sparke of a Relen-
ting Minde.
¶ WRITTEN BY
Simion Grahame.
Quo fata vocant.
Seene and allowed by authority.
Printed at London by Humfrey
Lownes, and are to be ſold at his Shop at
the Weſt doore of S. Paules
Church. 1604.



TO THE HIGH AND Mightie Prince Iames, by the grace of God King of England, Scotland, Fraunce and Ireland, &c.

THis ſparke comes from the quenchleſſe fire of my euer-burning loue, which (to your Highneſſe) I ſacrifice vpon the Altar of my ſpotleſſe hart. In the feruent flames of this ardor, my Muſe with reſtles flightring wings combur's, ſtil hoping to be Nouriſhed with the radiant beames and propitious ſplendors of thoſe gratious Eyes. *Then, O then let not the*



To the King his Maieſtie.

Miſtie Vapors of darke Obliuion ouercloud the bright quickeneſſe of ſuch ſhining Suns. But rather let the Influence of their admired vertue exhauſt theſe my rude lines vp into the rare and rich treaſure of your Maieſties ſuperaboundant fauor. So ending (to begin againe) I wiſh your Grace a moſt happie and long Reigne.

Your Maieſties euer
louing ſubiect.

Simion Grahame.

To the King his *Maieſtie.*

1

GO thou proud *Muſe*, with thy ambitious flight,
Let Wiſdome with her pleaſing plumes adorn thee,
If lofty thou ſhould'ſt ſoare thy ſelfe from ſight,
What need'ſt thou care, the Worlds *Enuy* to ſcorn thee?

2

Let Heau'ns thy Song with *Ecchoes* ſtill reſound,
A Royall Subiect doth thy wings vpholde,
And bids thee mount aboue the valted *Round;*
Loue hath no ſcope, bee prodigall and bolde.

3

Go then my *Muſe* His mightie *Muſe* adore,
Pull of the veile that hid thy high deſire,
With conſort ſweet ſhe ſhall thy ſong decore,
Her feathers faire giu's promiſe to aſpire.

4

Then like the *Larke* aſcend the azure Ayre,
With quiu'ring wings goe houer in the Skye,
Out blaſt thy *Notes*, and ſend them here and there
Filling his eares with this melodious Crye.

5

O Mightie King, Celeſtiall glory ſhine
Ouer thy *Crowne* and thy earth'ruling hand,
Let harts inſpir'd thy happines deuine:
And let the World come ſtoupe at thy command.

6

Fame through this *Globe* moſt furious-like ſhall thunder,
Fraught with thy praiſe on *Vertues* worth to flee,
And choke the *Earth* with ſuch admiring wonder
That potent Kings may come and honor thee.

7

Hartes ſhall conſume of thy aſtoniſh'd foes,
To ſee thy rare and high ſtupendious ſtreet
All paueat (whereon thou ſacred goes)
With *Crownes* and *Scepters* thrown before thy feet.

8

Why hear'ſt thou not thy ſmiling *Fortune* call,
And bids thee ſpurne that pleaſure mak's thee ſtay?
Goe climbe her wheell, be not afraide to fall,
Thy ſtrength but thinks this world a ſlender pray.

9

Seeke firſt thy owne, what force can thee refiſt?
A name with nought, makes all thy people rage
Like eager Haukes, reteinde vpon the fiſt,
Who cannot haue their hunger to aſſwage.

10

The apple ſtayes the ſimple Childe to weepe,
And doth appeaſe his ſobbing heart of harmes:
So flatt'ring ſonges lulles courage faſt aſleepe,
And makes the Souldier throw away his armes.

Now

11

Now ſits he wrapt vp in a warme furr'd gowne,
Ouer the fire with firme-fixt-gazing eyes:
There battels braue characters doth ſet downe,
Hee apprehends which thought deceiuing ſees.

12

An Armie there in bloudy rage forth goes,
With furie for'ſt, ſwelde with reuenge and griefe:
And yonder flyes their faint and feeble foes,
Heere ſtandes ſome troopes cut of without reliefe.

13

Some Martiall men bewitch't with beauty rare,
Are intricate in laborinthes of loue:
And for'ſt to trie in fancies flatt'ring ſnare,
What ſweet-mixt-ſowre or pleaſing paines can proue.

14

Then Nymph-like-ſhe with ſtrange intiſing looke
Doth ſo inchant the gallant minded men,
The bayte ſtill hides the poyſon of the hooke
Till they be faſt, and thus betray'd, what then?

15

Poore captiue ſlaues in bondage proſtrate lies
Yeelding vnto her mercy-wanting-will,
Shee in diſdaine ſcornes all their carefull cries,
And *Circes*-like triumphes in learned skill.

16

With ambling trippes of beauties gorgeous grace,
Aurora-like in firie colors clad,
And with bright reflex of her faireſt face
She tempting goes with brainſicke humors lad.

Fearing

17

Fearing that if ſhe ſhould but looke below
Then beames would from her burning eyes deſcend
On *Iuory* breſt, proud ſwelling hils of ſnow
Would melt, conſume, and all their beauty ſpend.

18

And ſo ſhe lets her curled lockes downe fall
Which do allure the gentle cooling winde
To come and play, ſtil wrapping vp in thrall
Chaines of her haire, fonde louers hearts to binde.

19

Beautie in prime adorn'd doth feede the ſight,
From crimſon lipps ſweet *Nectars* guſt forth flowes,
Odor's perfumes the breath, not *Natures* right
White iuorie hands a ſacred touch beſtowes.

20

And when thoſe pearle of Orientall-rankes
With treaſure rich of tempting ſound deuides
From two bright daintie mouing-corall-bankes
In-circkled eares calme ſmothing ſpeeches ſlides.

21

Ech ſenceleſſe ſence on doting pleaſure faſt
Doth in a careleſſe Regiſter inroule,
Wiſhing that courſe of ſwift-wing'd *Time* to laſt
Which ſpots the ſpotleſſe ſubſtance of the ſoule.

22

But oh beholde, Nature in morning weede
Wepes to be wrong'd with ſuperſtitious Art,
For what can braines of rare inuention breede?
Or what's vnſought which pleaſure may impart?

The

23

The ſharpeſt wit whoſe quicke deceiuing ſtill
Makes reſtleſſe muſing of their minde to try
Vaine trifling ſnares, mixtur'd with Magicks skill,
So Art adds that which Nature doth deny.

24

And thus much more ſweete *Syrens* ſongs ſhe ſounds,
To charme, coniure and tempt his liſtning eare:
Oh, then the poore captiued wretch abounds
In peruerſe vowes and monſtrous othes to ſweare.

25

By furious force of Fancy more than madd,
With fond deſire in reſtleſſe courſe hee hunts:
Blinde Loue can not diſcerne the good from badd,
When on the eye-plumde tayle of pride it mounts.

26

The curious minde makes choiſe of good or ill,
Then ſcales the fort of his engine to clym
Aboue the top of Art exceeding skill,
Perfect in that predominates in him.

27

Drunke with the wonders of a worthleſſe worth,
From proſpect of a looking glaſſe he takes
Strange apiſh trickes to ſet his folly forth,
Mockt with the geſture, that his ſhadow makes.

28

When fooliſh feates no waies will ſerue his turne,
All hope is drownd in deſpaires groundleſſe deepe:
In reſtleſſe bed (hee martir'd man) muſt mourne,
Thoughts, ſighes, and teares admitt no kind of ſleep.

Thus

29

Thus layes the conqueſt Conquerour of fieldes,
On his hurte harte he carries *Cupids* skarre:
The skiruie fainting Coward baſely yieldes
To idle Loue the enemie of warre.

30

Now trumpets ſounde, braue martiall muſick turnes
To fiddling noiſe, or ells ſome am'rous ſonge,
That glorious Fame her winges of worth now burnes,
When golden youth in prime muſt ſuffer wronge.

31

Thus gallant ſprights doe quinteſence their wittes,
Spending the rare inuention of their braines
On idle toyes, at which high honor ſpittes,
Nor memoriz'd memorials remaines.

32

What marble minde at this would not amaze,
To ſee the ambuſht robberies and ſpoyles,
O Royall Sir, with conqu'ring eyes now gaze,
Conquer this loſſe that's loſt in all thy ſoyles.

33

Goe, goe, and make the skiruie world to yielde
Which trembling ſtoopes, made feareful with thy force
Outſprede an hoſt vpon ech forreigne fielde:
And from ſelfe pleaſure, doe they ſelfe diuorce.

34

(But ſtay my Muſe, recall this word of woe)
Thy ſelfe ſhall with thy ſecond ſelfe abide,
The glorious iſſue of thy loynes ſhall goe,
His honor ſhall the proude earths honor hide.

35

It's he the floriſh of thy Princely prime,
It's he that Kings are made for to adore,
It's he bewayles the ſlow and tardy time,
It's he that weepes there is not worlds in ſtore.

36

It's he that with a greater courage com's
Than *Godfrey* did to ſackt the Pagan *Turke*,
With trumpets ſounds, & with great noiſe of drum's,
It's wondrous hee will ſet this world on wourke.

37

In his approch allegreat thy owne,
With mightie muſicke of a martiall mirth.
Beholde thou mak'ſt great *Neptunes* pride be ſhowne,
Adorning him with ſuch a gorgeous birth.

38

Let matchleſſe marching-caſtles with the winde,
In armies ſtrong and ſtately troopes forth ſhine:
Now let them goe as harbingers to finde
Ech vnknowne coaſt, and tell them all is thine.

39

Looke on that power that potent thou commands,
In learned militarie art, and how,
Thy eager-harted ventring ſubiects ſtands
Wayting that gallant warriours word, Goe tow,

40

Then doe not ſtay victorious troph's to raiſe,
Let thy tryumphes through ſea and earth be ſpred,
When thou art dead high Fame ſhall pen thy praiſe,
Of great renowne in volumes to be read.

Thou

41

Thou *Eagle* thou looke not on baſe fowles winges,
Out-ſtretch thy owne and flye this world about.
Thou *Lyon* thou leaue beaſts and hunt at Kinges,
From their vſurped dennes goe rouſe them out.

42

Prowde Valor for the vangard ſhall make ſtrife,
And loftie ſprights for Honor will aduance.
Let him be loath'd that loth's to looſe his life,
Or in thy quarrell skornes to trye his chaunce.

43

He will be firſt who dying liu'd to ſee,
This ſoyle thy right gouern'd with thy great grace:
And that blacke miſt of vap'rous clowdes to flee
Which long obſcur'd the ſplendors of thy face.

44

O, when he heard thy peoples ioy proclame
The righteous King, in their exalting cryes,
And when he heard them ſound thy ſacred Name,
He threw his hatte vp in the azure skies.

45

On the tow'rs toppe incarcerat he ſtood,
And ſaid, O rare and ſweete exchange in deede!
Thou fleetſt on *Neptunes* dutie-paying flood,
Hatte, thou art loſt, and I haue gainde a heade:

46

His Lady ſtaide her ſweete eyes ſiluer ſtreames,
The hart-burſt ſighes which that deere dame did breath:
Thou with the radiant brightnes of thy beames
Expeld her woes, and his vntimely death.

Pittie

47

Pittie in thee doth *Pitties* ſelfe ſurpaſſe,
With pittie heare thy peoples mourninge ſonges:
Looke in abuſe, as in a looking glaſſe,
Appeaſe this plague of their peſtif'rous wronges.

48

With treaſure rich and rare adorning giftes
Of Iuſtice ioynde with mercy both in one:
See how the wrongde complainer kneeling liftes
His hands, his eyes, and ſighes with martring mone.

49

He ſaies, O Sir, I would to God thou ſawe,
What numbers great, damn'd Uſurie doth kill;
The ſnakye Lawyer with vnlawfull lawe
He ſuckes the hartblood of his Clients ſtill;

50

His hopeleſſe ſhiftes will promiſe very fayre,
And take their ſoule, if that their ſoule were golde,
He robbes them firſt, then drownes them in diſpaire,
So poore mens right is to the rich men ſolde.

51

To come to thee, alas, they'r chokte with feare;
Some are put backe, when kneeling on their knees,
Doe what they can, before they get thy eare,
The bribrous *Minion* needes will haue his fees.

52

He takes in hand each ſute both great or ſmall,
And ſweares they'r ſure, yea to them ſurely loſt.
For firſt he tryes the value of them all,
And ſelles them quite to thoſe that will giue moſt.

53

(he telles
When dayes, weekes, moneths, and yeeres are ſpent
The King will no waies graunt your ſutes: farewell.
This whorles the poore man in a hundred helles
Both them and theirs to begge, to robbe, and ſteale.

54

O Heau'ns what filthie colors can I haue
To painte ſuch vgly monſters in their kinde:
They flatter moſt when they would moſt deceaue,
Their hony tonges ſtinges with a vip'rous minde.

55

It's this vile caterpillers miſcheifes-nurſe,
That fills thy Commons full of ſad complaintes,
Thou com'ſt to cure this ſtrange conſuming curſe,
At which I know thy ruthfull hart relents.

56

I care not for the falty-ons enuie,
I know this phiſicke makes his ſoule to ſmart:
O that it could both make him weepe and crie,
Whil'ſt Conſcience-worme eates vp his giltie hart.

57

Spare not Reuenge, God ſends thee to redreſſe
Long-ſuff'ring-greife, and rigor to remoue:
Treade down their heads that would the poore oppreſſe,
So ſhalt thou win and keepe thy peoples loue.

58

Still may thy loue with their true loue be bought,
Still may thy Crown bring Crownes vpon thy Crown,
Still may thy worth with wond'rous worth be wrought,
Still may renowne inrich thy rich renowne.

Still

59

Still maiſt thou reigne in happines and health,
And ſtill mayſt thou in being euer bee:
Belieue me, Sir, my loue is all my wealth,
And all that wealth I ſacrifice to thee.
So only Loue hath giuen my Muſe this flight,
And makes her come ſalute thy ſacred ſight.

FINIS.

Of a *Bee.*

De l' Ape ch' Io prouai dolce, e crudele,
Le ago nel core, nella bocca la mele.

Madrigall.

Once did I ſee
a ſounding *Bee,*
Amongſt her ſweetned ſwarme
ſtill would ſhee flee
and fauour me,
Then did I dread no harme.

Now whilſt in *Nectred*-glory of her gaines,
Shee ſitts and ſuckes the fayre well-floriſht flower:
My ſugred hopes are turn'd to bitter paines,
And lookt-for-ſweete is nothing elles but ſower:
Ah cruell ſweete, *Bee* ſweet and cure my ſmart,
Honny my mouth, but doe not ſtinge my hart.

FINIS.

To the famous Ile
of Glorious Britannie.

1

ON *Parnaſſe* hill whilſt as I ſit to ſing
Of ſtately ioy, the ſtreames that by me ſlides
Sweet conſort yeelds, from the *Caſtalean* ſpring
Whoſe murmure ſtill in ſiluer veines deuides:
Then intricate with courſes to and fro,
They ſeeme to turne whil'ſt as with ſpeed they go.

2

The Muſes ſcarſe in circuit is ſat downe,
When Laureat troopes comes kneeling mee before,
In humble ſhow each takes his Lawrell Crowne,
And ſweares they ſhall this ſubiect all adore:
So am I forc'd by thee, O wondrous worth!
In warbling notes ſweete conſorts to ſend forth.

3

With nine-voyc'd mouth, my *Delphin* ſong I ſound,
Of all the world bleſt bee thou *Brittaines* Ile!
Thou, onely Thou within this mortall round,
On whom the Heau'ns haue lou'de ſo long to ſmile:
For *Phœnix*-like thou haſt renewde by kinde
In getting that which lay for thee inſhrinde.

4

Thy preſent time doth winter-blaſt diſpaire,
At force of joy the barren branch decayes,
Long floriſh'd hope now fruitfull is and faire

Whoſe

Whoſe lod'ned birth with burthen bowes the bayes;
So downeward tops, inclining ſtill below,
Such homage to their owner do they ſhow.

5

Then Soyle in this moſt happie haru'ſt your right
Ripe ſweete deſire, in ſpight of vilde Enuie,
So ſhall you with your Monarches-matching-might
Make earthly Kings to feare your conqu'ring crie:
The circuit of this ſpatious Ball at length
Shall yeeld vnto your armie-potent-ſtrength.

6

As ſounds below relents the ayer aboue
That hideous noyſe of thunderclaps may ſwage,
So proud vſurping mindes ſhall ſtoope to mooue
The Lion redd to ſtay his roring rage,
Their honors high when he hath made them thrall,
Since with his force their forceleſſe force muſt fall.

7

Hee threatens th' earth with ſuch tryumphant might
That makes his foes afraid to heare his name;
On Vertues wings oreſhinde with honors light,
Borne through the world with euer flying Fame,
Which ſtill the Eccho of his might reſounds,
A terror threatning theſe terreſtriall bounds.

8

His Scepter proud and his great conqu'ring hand
Will erect Troph's of high Triumphes on all,
Earth-ruling mindes ſtooping at his command
Adorn'd they are by him to bee made thrall.
So Monarch hee muſt cauſe ech potent King,
For him and his rich tributes for to bring.

No

9

No treaſons gilt ſuch threatnings can abide,
Nor Vipers vilde who eates their tongues to barke,
With feares confuſ'd muſt needs their ſelues go hide,
And lye obſcure in the *Cemerian* darke,
From light debar'd to preſſage *Plutoes* place
Where monſtrous ſpirits ſuch monſters ſhall imbrace.

10

Sweld with Enuie and poyſ'ned great with griefe,
Moſt ſerpent-like ſpewes vennome on their owne
Damn'd harts abhord whoſe mutins breeds miſchief,
They with their ſelfe, their ſelfe ſhall bee orethrowne.
So diu'lliſh braynes brings reſtleſſe murther ſtill,
They filthie frogs each one ſhall other kill.

11

Then ſubiects true on honors throne ſet forth
No death your eternized life can end,
For famous feates ad's wonders to ſuch worth,
And truth ſtill doth a ſhining light out ſend
Whoſe glancing beames, reflexing heere and there,
By flowing quilles of Poets are made rare.

12

Now happie Ile ſequeſtred liues no more,
Since ioyn'de expell the excrements of wrath,
And let their foule ambitious factes implore
Their owne orethrow and well-deſeruing death.
Raſe downe, tread on their turrets of enuie
Whoſe pride would mount aboue the valted skie.

13

The Regiſter of Memorie beholde
How God of wonders, wondrous works hath wrought

When

When life paſt hope to treaſon he was ſolde,
Till threatning-death in dangers mouth him brought:
In ſuch extremes deathes ambuſh was in vaine,
For Heau'ns ſtrong hand did ſaue him ſtill vnſlaine.

14

All high attempts of deu'lliſh foes was foyld,
All hideous noiſe of horrors did aſſwage,
All tragike troopes of helliſh thoughts was ſpoylde,
And rigors ſelfe gaue rigor to their rage;
Enſignes diſplaid whoſe terror them confounds
Whilſt conqu'ring ioy victorious trumpet ſounds.

15

The ſhip which death with tempeſts grief did threat'n,
And gulfes of ſeas was readie to deuoure,
When reſtleſſe-mercy-wanting-ſtormes had beat'n,
At laſt came ſafe vnto her long-ſought ſhore.
So heau'n now brings him to his hau'ning place
Still to ſucceed to him and all his race.

16

The vpright in each true externall thing
Bewrayes the force hart-burning-loue doth yeald,
For ſmiling lookes of ſuch a gratious King
Shall make your loue with life and blood be ſeald;
Vnworthie to enioy this mortall breath
Who for this King or countrey feares their death.

17

The Altar is a ſpotleſſe minde whereon
You ſacrifice and offer vp good-will,
Loue yeelds the fuell from the hart alon
Which once inflam'd is quenchleſſe burning ſtill,
Then Martiall feates ſhall breed couragious ſtrife,

In

In battels braue to trye a careleſſe life.

18

Though the *Idæa* of your long deſire
Vnſetled *Time* obſcures him for a ſpace,
Yet ſhall this *Time* with comming *Time* expire,
And then receiue fruition of his face:
Who Iuſtice ſeekes, his wiſedomes eyes ſhall ſee,
With Reaſons right each may contented bee.

19

So Spring-time comes, long dark'ned Sun com's out
All to renew that Winter blaſtes had ſpoil'd,
When ſending forth his gorgeous beames about,
Hopes haru'ſt expels which high diſpaire had foil'd;
So hope triumphes, diſpaire lies quite o'rethrowne,
Sweet *Soyle* thou haſt which God hath made thine own.

20

Miſconſter not his well-inclining-minde,
Do not miſtruſt, for triall lurkes in Time,
Why to his Kingdomes ſhall hee prooue vnkinde,
And glorie ſtayne of his adorning prime?
No counſaile can make him become ſo ſtrange,
Nor earthly pompe his burning loue to change.

21

Murmour no more, nor bee not diſcontent
When conſtant Loue and ſpotleſſe Iuſtice ſtands,
With eager piercing lookes for to preuent
All kinde of foule oppreſſion in his lands.
This is the right inricheth his renowne,
This is the oath made to his royall Crowne.

22

And you whoſe long tormented hearts hath ſtill

With

With cloudie miſtes and darkeneſſe been obſcur'd;
You all the world with tragike volumes fill,
What woe's deuiſ'd that you haue not indur'd
Your *Regiſter* this rigor may recall,
Shame, bloodſhed, death, ſtill captiues led in thrall.

23

In guiltleſſe-him no crueltie doth dwell,
Nor from his mercy neuer ſprang miſchiefe;
Your conſcience read, and it ſhall ſurely tell
His hands are waſh'd as cauſeleſſe of your griefe:
Then let the bloud, the baniſhment and death,
Bee on their heads the Authors of your wrath.

24

What though a King? yet Kings are ſometime forc'd
To yeeld conſent with vnconſenting hart,
As from his will vnwillingly diuorc'd,
That no vprore ſhould riſe in any part:
Such is the onely prudence in a Prince
That 'gainſt a murm'ring *Momus* makes defence.

25

Why doe not then degorge ſatyrike words,
Vſurping right thou ſhalt vſurpe thy braine,
For lo, nought elſe ſuch fooliſh feates affords,
But diu'llish guerdon for thy greateſt gaine:
And ſtill thou ſhalt infamous make thy name,
When as thy end's to end in endleſſe ſhame.

26

If Chriſtian thou, then Chriſtian-like abide
Till flowing fauour from his Kingly loue,
By stately rule, thy fredome ſhall prouide,
When mindes remorſe and mercy ſhall him moue,

So Conſcience thral'd, made free and griefe is gone,
Then ſhall his Soyles contented liue in one.

27

And dark'ned clouds that low'rs vpon your heads
Giues place vnto the glori'us ſhining Sun,
Whoſe burning beames with radiant ſplendor ſpreads
A reſtleſſe race not ending ſtill begun,
To ſhew the ods 'twixt Heau'ns cæleſtiall light
And gloomy miſt of Helles eternall night.

28

From treaſure rich of Gods immortall ſtore
Let feruent loue in firy flames deſcend,
And fill your hearts with pittie to implore
That Heau'ns preuenting-hand may him defend;
Let higheſt curſe breath forth conſuming woes
For to conuert or elſe confound his foes.

29

A gratious King whoſe mercie ſtill abounds,
A gallant Queen by *Nature* made none ſuch,
A Prince whoſe worth *Fames* reſtles trumpet ſounds,
And Princeſſe ſhe I cannot prayſe too much,
A King, a Queene, a Prince, a Princeſſe rare
O *Soyle*, what *Soyle*, can with this *Soyle* compare.

30

Then happie *Ile*, in this thy happie day
Gods thundring voyce with harts relenting heare,
Whil'ſt Heau'ns high troopes theatred in array
With ſounding joy before Chriſts throne compeare,
In conſort ſweet melodious ſongs to ſing,
Liue liue great *Iames* moſt bleſt and potent King.

FINIS.

To

To Scotland his Soyle.

To thee my *Soyle* (where firſt
I did receiue my breath)
Theſe Obſequies I ſing
Before my *Swan*-like-death.
My loue by nature bound,
which ſpotleſſe loue I ſpend,
From treaſure of my hart
to *Thee* I recommend.
I care not *Fortunes* frowne,
nor her vnconſtant *Fate:*
Let her diſſembling ſmile
and tryumph in deceate.
Curſ'd be that man which hoords
his hopes vp in her lap,
And curſ'd be he that builds
vpon her hapleſſe hap.
I tread on that blinde *Bawd*
and ſcorne hir ſowre-mixt-ſweet,
In ſpite of all her ſpite
I ſpurne her with my feet.
Now let her ſpet more wrath
(If any more yet bee)
Let horror of her hart
thunder at careleſſe-*Mee.*
Then all the flatt'ring ſhowes
of *Fortune* I diſdaine,
So farewell *Soyle* and friends,
a *Pilgrime* once againe.

FINIS.

His

His Paſsionado,

when he was in Pilgrimage.

1

THou *Phaeton* thy firy courſe do'ſt end,
and *Cinthia* thou with borrow'd light do'ſt ſhine,
Theſe woods their ſilent horrors doo out-ſend,
And vallies lowe their miſtie vapors ſhrine;
Each liuely thing by Natures courſe doth goe
To reſt, ſaue I, that wander now in woe.

2

My plaints impart theſe ſoli'd partes to fill,
Whil'ſt roaring riuers ſend their ſowndes among,
Each dreadfull den appeares to helpe me ſtill,
And yeelds ſad conſorts to my ſorr'wing ſong:
How oft I breath this wofull word, Alace,
From Eccho I ſad accents backe imbrace.

3

I will aduance, what feares can me affray?
Since dreades are all debar'd by high diſpaire,
Like darke nights-Ghoſt, I vagabond aſtraye
With trobled ſpri't tranſported here and there;
None like my ſelfe, but this my ſelfe alone,
I martir'd Man bewaile my matchleſſe mone.

4

You flintie ſtones take eares and eyes to ſee
This thundring greife, with earthquake of my hart,
That you may ſigh and weepe with miſer-*Mee*,

Melt

Melt at the tragicke commentes of my ſmart:
Let theſe my teares that fall on you ſo oft,
Make your obdurate hardneſſe to be ſoft.

5

You liquid droppes, diſtilling from mine eyes
In chriſtall, you my ſecond ſelfe appeares:
Patterne of paine, how do'ſt thou ſympathize
In viſage wan, and Pilgrim's weede thou beares?
And on thoſe ſignes of miſcontent attire
Still doe I read, Debar'd from my deſire.

6

This hairie roabe which doth my corps contain
This burden, and my rough vnraſed heade,
A Winter and a Summer haue I bin
In dangers great, ſtill wandring in this weede;
Loe thus the force of my diſaſters ſtrange
Hath made me vſe this vnacquainted change.

7

I am dri'd vp with dolors I endure,
My hollowe eyes bewray my reſtles night,
My viſage pale ſelfe pittie doth procure,
I ſee my ſores deciph'red in my ſight.
A Pilgrime ſtill, my Oracle was ſo,
And made my name, *AH MISER MAN I GO.*

8

Now doe I goe, and wander any way,
No ſtrange eſtate, no kinde of trau'ling toyles,
No threatning croſſe, nor ſorrow can me ſtay
To ſearche and ſeeke through all the ſorts of ſoyles:
So round about this *Round* ſtill haue I run,
Where I began, againe I haue begun.

In

9

In ſtrangeſt parts, where ſtranger I may bee,
An outcaſt loſt, and voyed of all reliefe:
When ſaddeſt ſights of ſorrow I can ſee,
They to my graue ſhall helpe to feede my griefe.
If Wonders ſelfe can wofull wonders ſhowe,
That ſight, that part, that wonder I will knowe.

10

Thus doe I walke on forreigne fieldes forlorne,
To careleſſe-*Mee*, all cares do prooue vnkinde,
I doe the *Fates* of fickle *Fortune* ſcorne,
Each croſſe now breeds contentment to my minde,
Aſtoniſh of ſtupendious things by day,
Nor howling ſounds by night can me affray.

11

You ſtately *Alpes* ſurmounting in the skyes,
The force of floods that from your heights down falles,
There mighty clamors with my carefull cries,
The *Ecchoes* voice from hollow caues recalles: (der
The ſnow-froz'n-clowds down from your tops do thun-
Their voyce with mine doth teare the ayre a ſunder.

12

And *Neptune* thou when thy proude ſwelling wrath
From gulphes to mountaines mou'd with Winters blaſt,
In anger great when thou did'ſt threaten death,
Oft in thy rage, thy raging ſtormes I paſt,
And my ſalt teares increaſt thy ſaltnes more,
My ſighes with windes made all thy bowells rore.

13

The ſpatious earth and groundleſſe deepe ſhall beare
A true Record of this my mart'ring mone;

And

And if there were a world of worlds to heare,
(When from this mortall *Chaos* I am gone)
I dare approue my ſorrow hath bin ſuch,
That all their witts cannot admire too much.

14

On the colde grownde my caytife-carcaſſe lyes,
The leaueles trees my Winter-blaſted-bed:
Noe *Architecture* but the vap'rous skyes,
Blacke foggie miſt my weari'd corpes hath cled,
This lothſome laire, on which I reſtles tourne,
Doth beſt befit *Mee*-miſer-man to mourne.

15

With open eyes Nights darknes I diſdaine,
On my croſ'd-breſt I croſſe my croſſed armes,
And when repoſe ſeekes to preuent my paine,
Squadrons of cares doe ſound their freſh alarmes,
So in my ſleep (the Image of pale *Death*)
Theſe ſighing words with burthen bruſ'd I breath.

16

I euer row'd my *Barge* againſt the ſtreame,
I ſcal'd thoſe ſteppes that *Fortune* did me frame,
I conquer'd which impoſſible did ſeeme,
I, haples I, once happie I became,
Now ſweeteſt joy is turn'd to bitter gall,
The higher vp the greater was my fall.

17

What paſſing Follies are in high Estates,
Whoſe fooliſh hopes giue promiſe to aſpire:
Selfe-flatt'rie ſtill doth maske the feare of *Fates*,
Till vnawares deceiu'd in ſought deſire,
This breeds diſpaire, then force of *Fortunes* change

Setts

Setts high Eſtates in dread and perrill ſtrange.

18

There ſecret grudge, Enuie and Treaſon dwelles,
There Iuſtice lies, in dole-bewraying weede,
There ſlyding *Time* with alt'ring feates ſtill telles
The great attempts ambitious mindes doe breed.
They who haue moſt ſtill hunt for more and more,
They moſt deſire that moſt are choak'd with ſtore.

19

Henceforth will I forſake Terreſtiall toyes,
Which are nought ells but ſhadowes of deceat,
What couer'd danger is in earthly joyes,
When vilde Enuie, triumphes on each Eſtate.
Thou traytor *Time* thy treaſon doth betray
And makes youthes Spring in floriſh fayre decay.

20

What's in experience which I haue not ſought,
All (in that All) my will I did aduance,
At higheſt rate, all theſe my witts are bought,
In Fortunes lottrie, I haue try'd my chaunce.
So what I haue I haue it not by ſhowe,
But by experience which I truly knowe.

21

Long haue I ſearch'd, and now at laſt I finde
Eye-pleaſing-calmes the tempeſt doth obſcure,
When I, in glory of my proſp'rous winde,
With white-ſweld-ſayles on gentle ſeas ſecure,
And when I thought my *Loadſtarre* ſhin'd moſt faire
Eu'n then my hopes made ſhipwracke on diſpaire.

22

My light is darke, whil'ſt I am ouerthrowne,

Poore

Poore ſilly Barke that did pure loue poſſeſſe:
With great vngratefull ſtormes thus am I blowne
On ruthleſſe rockes, ſtill deafe at my diſtreſſe.
So long-ſought-conqueſt doth in ruin's boſt,
And ſaies, behold, thy loue and labor's loſt.

23

Since all my loue and labor's loſt, let *Fame*
Spit forth her hate, and with that hatefull ſcorne
In darke obliuion ſepulchrize my name,
And tell the World that I was neuer borne.
In me all earthly dream'd-of-joy ſhall ende,
As *Indian* herbes, which in blacke ſmoke I ſpende.

24

All-doting-pleaſure, that all-tempting-deuill,
I ſhall abhor as a contag'ous peſt,
I'le purge and cleanſe my ſences of that euill,
I ſweare and vow, ſtill in this vow to reſt;
In ſable habit of the mourning blacke,
I'le ſolemnize this oath and vow I make.

25

Then goe vilde *World*, confuſed maſſe of nought,
Thy bitterneſſe hath now abuſ'd my brayne,
Auoid thy deu'lliſh fancy from my thought,
With idle toyes torment me not agayne.
My *Time* which thy alluring folly ſpent
With heart contrite and teares I doe repent.

FINIS.

Againſt Time.

SONNET.

GOe traytour *Time* and authorize my wrong,
My wrack, my woe, my wayting on bewray;
Look on my heart, which by thy ſhifts ſo long
Thou tyranniz'd with treaſon to betray:
My hopes are fled, my thoughts are gone aſtray,
And ſenceleſſe I haue ſorrow in ſuch ſtore
That paine it ſelfe, to whom I am a pray,
Of mee hath made a martred man and more.
Go, go then *Time*, I hatefull thee implore,
To memorize my ſad and matchleſſe mone,
Whilſt thy deceipts by death I ſhall decore,
My loſſe of life ſhall make them knowne each one.
So I (poore I) I-ſing with *Swan*-like ſong,
Go traytor *Time* and authorize my wrong.

FINIS.

¶ The Eſtate of *worldly Eſtates.*

1

EAch hath his *Time* whom *Fortune* will aduance,
Whoſe fickle wheel runs reſtleſſe round about,
Some flatt'ring lye oft changeth others chance,
Dangers deceipt in guiltie harts breeds doubt.

It's

It's ſeene
What yet hath beene
With tract of time to paſſe,
And change
Of *Fortune* ſtrange
At laſt hath turn'd their glaſſe.

2

Enuie triumph's on tops of high Eſtate
All ouer-hung with veiles of feigned ſhow.
Man climbes aboue the courſe of ſuch conceate,
That loftie-like, they loath to look below.
And what?
All's hazard that
Wee ſeek on dice to ſet,
For ſome
To height's do come,
Then falls in dangers net.

3

The gallant man, if poore, hee's thought a wretch,
His vertue rare is held in high diſdayne,
The greateſt foole is wiſe, if he be ritch,
And wiſedome flowes from his lunatique brayne.
Thus ſee
Rare ſprit's to bee
Of no account at all.
Diſgrace
Hath got ſuch place
Each joyes at others fall.

4

The brib'rous minde who makes a God of gould,
He ſcornes to plead without he haue reward,
Then poore mens ſuites at higheſt rates are ſould,
Whilſt *Au'rice* damn'd, nor *Ruth* hath no regard.

For

For heere
He hath no feare
Of Gods conſuming curſe,
His gaines
Doth pull with paines
Plagues from the poore mans purſe.

5

The furious flames of *Sodom's* ſodaine fire,
With feruent force conſume vaine *Pride* to nought,
With wings of wax let ſoaring him aſpire
Aboue the ſtarres of his ambitious thought.
And ſo
When hee doth go
On top of *Prides* high glory,
Then ſhall
His ſodain fall
Become the worlds ſad *Story*.

6

Ingratitude, that ill, ill-fauor'd *Ill*,
In noble breaſtes hath builded caſtles ſtrong,
Obliuion ſett's-vp the *Troph's* that ſtill
Bewrayes the filthie vildeneſſe of that wrong.
Ah minde
Where deu'lliſh kinde
Ingratitude doth dwell,
That *Ill*
Coequals ſtill
The greateſt *Ill* in hell.

7

On poyſons filth contagious *Error* ſpreeds,
Heau'ns ſpotleſſe eyes looks as amaz'd with wonder,
Their viprous mindes ſuch raging horror breeds
To teare *Religions* virgin-roabes aſunder.

What

What then,
O wicked men,
And Hels eternall pray,
Go mourne,
And in time turne
From your erronious way.

8

What courſe wants croſſe? what kinde of ſtate wants (ſtrife?
What worldling yet could euer ſeem content?
What haue wee heere in this our thwarting life?
Ioy, Beautie, Honour, Loue, like ſmoak are ſpent.
I ſay,
Time goe's away
Without returne againe,
How wiſe!
Who can deſpiſe
Theſe worldly vapours vaine.

FINIS.

His Dying Song.

1

NOw hapleſſe *Hart*, what can thy ſoars aſſwage,
Since thou art grypt with horror of Deaths hand?
Thou (baleful-thou) becoms the *Tragick* ſtage,
Where all my tort'ring thoughts theatred ſtand:
Griefe, feare, death, thought, each in a monſtrous (kinde
Like vgly monſters, muſter in my minde.

Thou

2

Thou loathſome bed to reſtleſſe-martred-*Mee*,
Voyd of repoſe, fill'd with conſuming cares,
I will breath forth my wretched life on thee,
For quenchleſſe wo and paine, my graue prepares;
Vnto pale-agonizing-*Death* am thrall,
Then muſt I go, and anſwere to his call.

3

O Memorie moſt bitter to that man
Whoſe *God* is Golde, and hoords it vp in ſtore,
But O, that blind-deceiuing-*Wealth*, what can
It ſaue a life, or add one minute more?
When hee at reſt, rich treaſures in his ſight,
His Soule (poore Foole) is tane away that night.

4

And ſtrangers gets the ſubſtance of his gaine,
Which he long ſought with endleſſe toyles to finde,
This vilde *Worlds* filth, and excrements moſt vaine,
Hee needs muſt dye and leaue it all behinde:
O Man, in minde remember this, and mourne,
Naked thou cam'ſt, and naked muſt retourne.

5

I naked came, I naked muſt returne,
Earths flatt'ring pleaſure is an idle toy,
For now I ſweare my very *Soule* doth ſpurne
That breath, that froth, that moment-fleeting joy;
Then farewell *World*, let him betray'd ſtill boſt
Of all miſchiefe that in *Thee* truſteth moſt.

6

Burnt *Candle*, all thy ſtore conſum'd thou end's,
Thy lightning ſplendor threat's for to be gone,

O how do'ſt thou reſemble *Mee* that ſpend's,
And ſighs forth life in ſighing forth my mone?
Thy light *Thee* lothes, I loth this lothed life,
Full of deceipt, falſe enuie, grudge, and ſtrife.

7

I call on *Time*, *Tim's* alt'red by the change,
I call on *Friendes*, *Friendes* haue cloſ'd vp their eares
I call on *Earthly Pow'rs*, and they are ſtrange,
I call in vaine when *Pittie* none appeares.
Both *Time* and *Friends*, both *Earthly Powers* and all,
All in diſdaine are deafe at my hoarſe call.

8

Then *Prayer* flowe from my heart-humbling knees,
To the ſupreame Celeſtiall Throane aſpire,
And ſhew my griefe to Heau'ns all ſeeing eyes,
Who neuer yet deny'd my juſt deſire:
Mans helpe is nought, O GOD thy helpe I craue,
Whoſe ſpotleſſe blood my ſpotted *Soule* did ſaue.

9

Then take my *Soule*, which bought by thee, is thine,
Earth harb'ring-worms, take thou my corps of clay;
O *Chriſt*, on mee eternall mercy ſhine,
Thy bleeding woundes waſh all my ſinnes away.
Now, now I come to thee O *Ieſu* ſweet,
Into thy hands I recommend my *Spreet.*

FINIS.

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